

No. 56

MERRY ENGLAND

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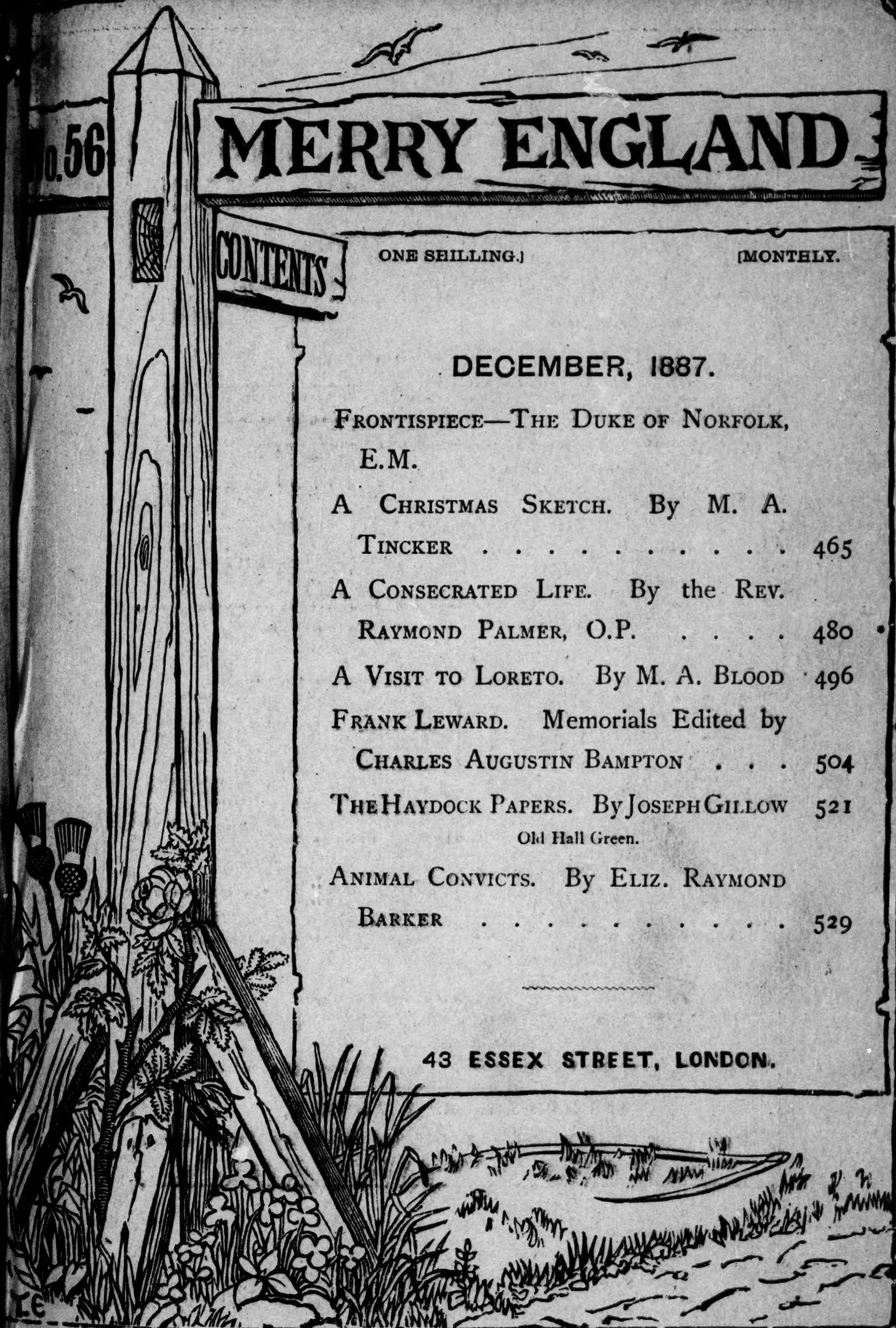
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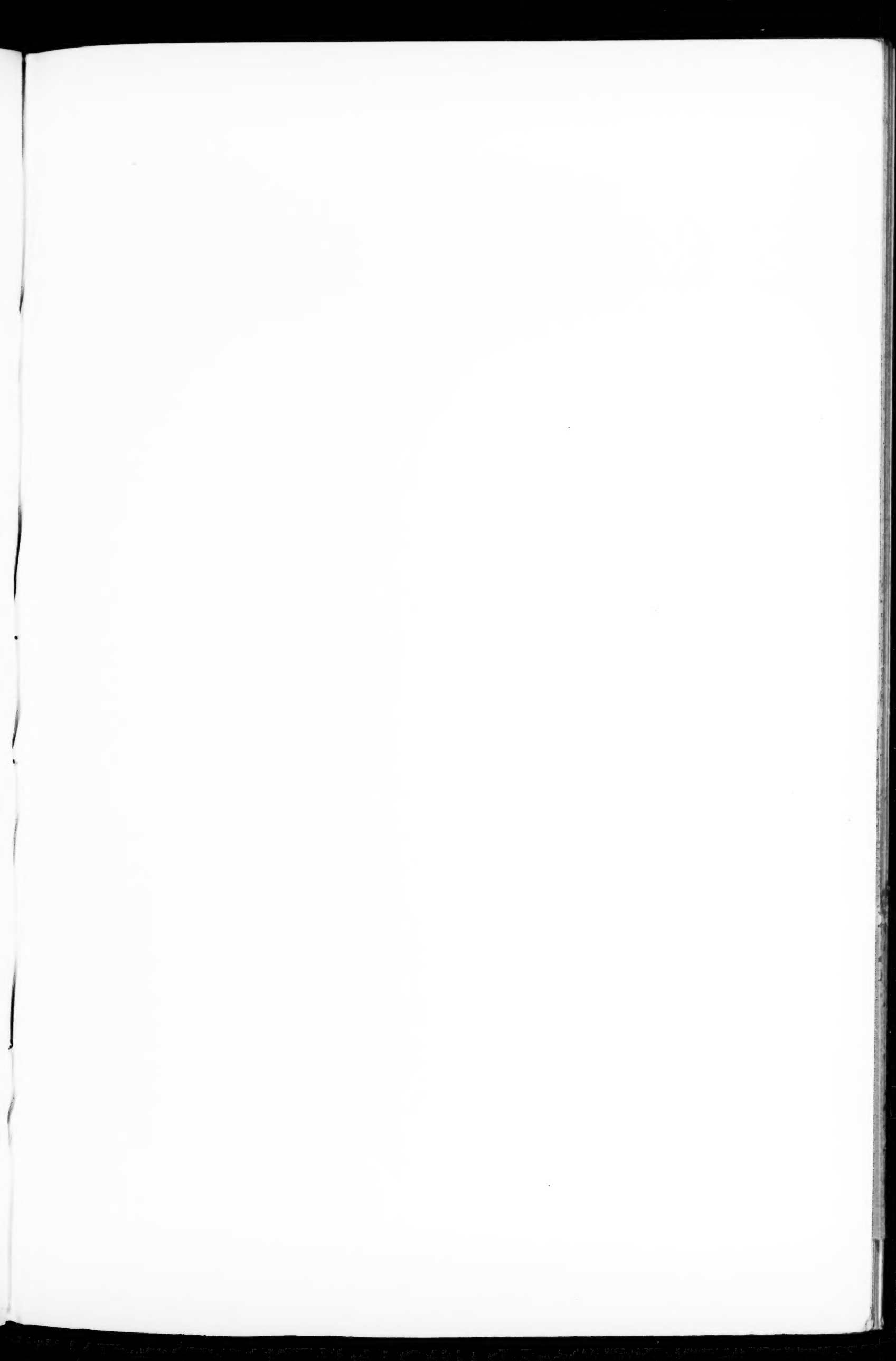
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HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, E.M.,
Envoy Extraordinary from Queen Victoria to Pope Leo XIII.

MERRY ENGLAND

DECEMBER, 1887.

A Christmas Sketch.

“ Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper !
And its crimson shows your path,
But the child's sob in the silence, curseth deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.”

“ **I** F wishes were horses, beggars might ride,” says the proverb.

What a pity it is that wishes are not horses !—that at seasons when almost every tongue drops the words, “A merry Christmas !” “A happy New-Year !” the will should not rise and breathe the breath of life into those words ; make them move, make them work ; put bit and bridle on them, and direct them to go where they are most needed. Wishes might then be made into very excellent horses, and beggars might ride at least once a year ; might be lifted for a day out of the mire of care and suffering that dulls the light of heaven to their eyes, and stops out the voices of heaven from their ears ; lifted into a belief in the humanity of man and the mercy of God ; might be given a little restful journey into that easy land where the rich dwell every day.

There is more truth than poetry in the line,

“Leave us leisure to be good.”

One who has no time for thought will almost certainly go astray ; and men and women whose lives are spent in fighting the wolf from their doors, will fight him with whatever comes to hand, and will sometimes catch up strange weapons.

So it might chance that these living wishes might have wings also, and the beggar's soul might rise as well as his body.

I should like to set a regiment of such wishes galloping down a certain New York street this coming Christmas, and stopping at every door.

That was a sorrowful street a few years ago, and I don't know that it has grown merry since. A tall block of tenement-houses walled the northern side from end to end, leaving off so abruptly that, had they been written words instead of brick houses, there would have been a —— after them. Indeed, if the reader has a fancy for a miserable pun, he might say that there *was* a dash after them, houses being scarce.

A very sensitive person, on looking at that block, would be likely to straighten himself up, draw his elbows close to his sides, and feel as though his nose was unnecessarily large. It is not impossible that he might “toe in” a little in walking, until he reached the next street. Not a curve was visible in the whole block, horizontal and perpendicular reigning supreme. The mean brick front came to the very edge of the sidewalk, and the windows and doors were as flat as though they had been slapped in the face when in a soft state. Every house was precisely like every other house, and the only way of finding any particular one was by counting doors.

“These houses toe the mark,” the builder had said when he looked on his completed work, standing complacently with his hands in his pockets, and his head a little on one side.

“Toe the mark” was the right phrase. The two meagre steps

that led to each front door suggested the thought, and the whole had an air of entire obedience.

The tenants in this block were of that pitiable class called "decent," which generally means poor; too independent to beg, straining every nerve to live respectably, and making an extra strain to hide the first one; people whose eyes get a little wild at the prospect of sickness, who shudder at the thought of a doctor's bill and workless days, who sometimes stop their toil for a moment, and wonder what may be the meaning of such words as "ease," "contentment," "pleasure." There were clerks and book-keepers whose families burst out through their incomes in every direction; starving artists of all sorts; and the rest, people who toiled down in the dark, at the foundations over which soared the marble palaces of the rich, darkening heaven.

These people had got into a way of dressing alike; they had the same kind of curtains, and the same plants stretching beseeching shoots towards the tantalizing line of sunshine that let itself down, slow and golden, to the middle of the second floor windows, then drew back over the roofs of the houses opposite, while little flowers of all colours looked lovingly and reproachfully after it, cheated so day after day, but never quite losing faith that some day the bright winged comforter would come quite down to their hearts.

Eyes of angels, to whom these roofs and walls were transparent, saw, doubtless, variety enough under the surface: aspirations that reached to the house-top and looked over; aspirations that soared even to the clouds and the stars, catching a heavenly likeness; aspirations that stopped not at the stars, but climbed so high that their flowers and fruitage hung in the unfailing light of heaven, beyond reach of earthly hands, but seen and touched by ineffable hopes ascending and descending. What dark desires crawling upon the earth and covering their own deeds those poor eyes looked upon, I say not; what hate, deep and bitter; what cankering envy and disappointment; what despair, that

with two tears blotted the universe ; what determination ; what strongly rooted purpose ; what careless philosophy eating its crust with a laugh. Let the angels see as they may, with human eyes we will look into one room, and find our story there.

This room is on the second floor, and consequently gets its windows half full of sunshine every pleasant afternoon. The furnishing of it shows that the occupants had seen better days ; but those days are long past, as you can see by the shabbiness of everything. There are evidences, of taste, too, in a hanging vase of ivy, a voluble canary, a few books and pictures ; and everything is clean.

It was a bright gloaming in December of 186—, when a woman sat alone in this room. She was evidently an invalid, looking more like a porcelain image than a flesh-and-blood woman, so white and transparent was she, so frail the whole make of her. Soft light-brown hair faintly sprinkled with gray was dropped beside each thin cheek, dovelike eyes of an uncertain blue looked sadly out from beneath anxious brows, and the mouth, which once must have expressed resolution, now, in its compression, showed only endurance. This was a woman who had taken up life full of hope and spirit, but whom life had turned upon with blow after blow, till finally both hope and spirit were broken. Her days of enterprise were over.

She sat there with her hands listlessly folded, her work fallen unnoticed to the floor, and her eyes flushed with weeping. She had been sitting so an hour, ever since a visitor had left her ; but, hearing a step on the stair and a child's voice singing, she started up, wiped her eyes, and mended the fire, her back turned toward the door as it opened.

A little girl of eight years old came in and gave her school-books a toss upon the table, crying out, in a boisterous, healthy voice, "O mother ! I am starved ! Give me something to eat."

"Supper will soon be ready, Nell," the mother said gently, drawing out the table.

"I can't wait!" cried the child. "My stomach is so empty that it feels as if there was a mouse there gnawing. You know we had nothing but bread and butter for dinner, and I do think that's a mean dinner. Why don't you have roast beef? I know lots of girls who have it every day."

"We can't afford it," the mother said falteringly. "Beef is very dear."

"Well, what have you got for supper?" demanded the child. "You promised us something good."

"I have nothing but bread and butter, dear. I couldn't get anything else."

"Well, mother, I declare if that isn't too bad!" And the child flung herself angrily into a chair. "We don't have anything fit to eat, and I wish I could go and live with somebody that wouldn't starve me. I won't eat bread and butter, there now! I'm so sick of it that it chokes me."

The mother's face took a deeper shade, and her lip trembled, but she made no reply; and Nell sat angrily kicking her heels against the chair, and pouting her red lips.

Mrs. Lane knew well how vain is the attempt to teach a child gratitude for the necessities of life. Children are grateful only for that which is superfluous, taking the rest as a matter of course, and they are not to be blamed either. For gratitude is a fruit, and not a flower, and those budding natures know not yet what it means. After a little while, another and louder step sounded on the stairs, this time accompanied by a whistle; and the door opened noisily to give admittance to a boy of ten years old, who also flung his books down, and opened his cry:

"Mother, give me some money, quick! The oysterman is just at the end of the street, and I can get oysters enough for our supper for thirty cents. Hurry up, mother, or he'll go away!" And the boy performed a double shuffle to relieve his impatience.

"I can't spare the money," his mother said faintly.

"Well, what have you got for supper, then?" he asked fretfully.

The mother made no answer, and the boy turned to his sister for an explanation.

"Bread and butter!" said Nell, with an air of ferocious sarcasm.

"Well, if I ever!" pronounced her brother, standing still with his hands driven emphatically into the uttermost depths of his pockets, and looking at his mother with an air at once astonished and accusing. "If we live like this, I'll run away; see if I don't!"

She turned upon them with a look that was either desperate or angry.

"Children, wait till your sister comes home. Don't ask me for anything."

Frank gave the door a bang, pulled his cap still closer on to his head, since he ought to have pulled it off, and taking a seat by the window, sat kicking his chair in concert with his sister. The mother continued her preparations with the air of a culprit watched by her judges.

Unheard in this duet of heels, a softer step ascended the stairs, and a young lady opened the door and entered, a smile on her pretty face, her breath quickened and her colour heightened by the run upstairs, and waves of yellow hair drawn back from her white forehead. She tossed her hat aside, and sank into a chair.

"There, mother, I do feel tired and hungry," she said; then, catching a glimpse of her mother's face, started up, exclaiming, "What is the matter?"

"Mr. Sanborn has been here," Mrs. Lane answered unsteadily, without looking up.

The daughter's countenance showed her anticipation of evil news.

"And what of that?" she asked.

"He has raised the rent," was the faint answer.

"How much?"

"Eight dollars a month."

"Impossible!" cried the daughter, flushing with excitement. "We pay now all that the three rooms are worth. He knows what my salary is, and that I cannot give any more."

"He says he can get that for the rooms," her mother said.

"Then we will go elsewhere!"

"We cannot!" whispered the mother despairingly, for the first time raising her woeful eyes. "Every place is full. They are going to tear down houses to widen two or three streets, and Mr. Sanborn says that people will have to go out of town to live."

"What are we to do?" exclaimed the girl, pacing excitedly to and fro. "We only just managed to get along before. Did you tell him, mother?"

"I told him everything, Anne; and he said that he was very sorry, but that his family was an expensive one, and it cost him a good deal to live; and, in short, that he must have the eight dollars more."

"He is a villain!" cried Anne Lane. "And I will tell him so. I should think his family *was* an expensive one. Look at their velvets and laces, and silks! Look at their pictures and their curtains! One of my scholars told me to-day that Minnie Sanborn said they were going to have a Christmas tree that will cost five hundred dollars. Think of that! And this is the way they pay for it!"

"Don't say anything to him, Anne," pleaded her mother, in a frightened tone. "Remember, he is one of the committee, and can take your school away from you."

The young teacher's countenance fell. It was true; her employment did, in some measure, depend on the good-will of this man.

She choked with the thought, then broke out again.

"The hypocrite! I have seen him at prayer-meetings, and heard him make long prayers and pious speeches."

The mother sighed, and remained silent. She had been wont to check her daughter's somewhat free animadversions, and to make an effort, at least, to defend them of whom Anne said: "Their life laughs through and spits at their creed: but now the bitter truth came too near.

There was a moment of silence, the children sitting still and awed, the mother waiting despondently, while the fatherless girl, who was the sole dependence of the household, did some rapid brain-work.

"You think he really means it, mother?" she asked, without pausing in her walk.

"Yes, there is no hope. I almost went on my knees to him."

There the widow's self-control broke down suddenly, and putting her hands over her face, she burst into a passion of tears.

It is a terrible thing to see one's mother cry in that way; to see her, who soothed our childish sorrows, who seemed to us the fountain of all comfort, herself sorrowing, while we have no comfort to give.

Anne Lane's face grew pale with pain, and it seemed for a moment, that she, too, would lose courage. But she was a brave girl, and love strengthened her.

"There, there, mother!" she said. "Don't cry. I guess we can make out some way. Couldn't we do with two rooms? I could sleep with you and Nell, and Frank could have a pillow out here on the sofa."

"I thought of that," the mother sobbed, drearily. "But he said that the rooms go together."

The girl's breath came like that of some wild creature at bay.

"Then we must draw in our expenses somewhere. We must give up our seats in church, and I will do the washing."

"I meant to do the washing, dear," her mother said, eagerly.

"And, perhaps, I might get some work out of the shops. You know I have a good deal of time to spare."

Even as she spoke, a sharp cough broke through her words, and her face flushed painfully.

"No, mother, no!" the daughter said, resolutely holding back her tears. "You are not able to work. Just leave that to me. Washing makes round arms, and I find my elbows getting a little sharp. I can save money and bring the dimples back at the same time."

There was a knock at the door, and their laundress came in, a sober, sensible-looking Irishwoman.

"Good-evening, ma'am. Good-evening, miss. No, I won't sit down. I must go home and take my young ones off the street, and give 'em a bit of supper. I just stepped in to see if you want your washing done to-morrow."

Mrs. Lane looked appealingly to her daughter to answer.

"We are sorry, Mrs. Conners," Anne said, "but we shall have to do our own washing, this winter."

"O Lord!" cried the woman, leaning against the wall.

"There is no help for it," the girl continued, almost sharply, feeling that their own distresses were enough for them to bear.

"Our rent has been raised, and we must save all we can."

"Oh! what'll I do, at all?" exclaimed the woman, lifting both hands.

"Why, the best you can; just as we do," was the impatient reply.

Mrs. Conners looked at them attentively, and for the first time perceived signs of trouble in their faces.

"The Lord pity us!" she said. "I don't blame you. But my rent is raised, too. I've got to pay five dollars a month for the rooms I have, and I don't know where I'll get it. It's little I thought to come to this when Patrick was alive—the Lord have mercy on him! The last thing he said to me when he went away to California was, 'Margaret, keep up courage, and don't

let the children on the street; and I'll send you money enough to live on; and I'll soon come back and buy us a little farm.' And all I ever heard of him, since the day he left me, is the news of his death. Now I'll have to take the children and go to the poorhouse. All I could do last winter only kept their mouths full, let alone rent. I couldn't put a stitch on them nor me; and you wouldn't believe how cold I am with no stockings to my feet, and little enough under my rag of a dress. I couldn't buy coal nor wood. The children picked up sticks in the street, and after my work was over I had to go down to the dump, and pick coal till my back was broke."

"Who is your landlord?" Mrs. Lane asked.

"Mr. Mahan—Andrew Mahan, that lives in a big house in the square. And he asks five dollars for two rooms in that shanty, that's squeezed into a bit of a place where nothing else would go. Besides, the house is so old that the rats have ate it half up, and what's left I could carry off on my back in a day. When Mr. Mahan came to-day, his dog crawled through the door before it was opened. I said to him, says I, 'Sir, when the wind and the rain take possession of a house, it belongs to God, and no man has a right to ask rent for it.' You see, I was angry. And so was he, by that same token."

"But he is an Irishman, and a member of your own church," said Anne.

"And why not?" demanded the woman. "Do you think that Yankees are the only ones that grind the poor? Yes, Mr. Mahan is rich, and he lives in style, and sends his daughters to a convent school in Montreal. And often I've seen him in church, dressed in his broadcloths, and beating his breast, with his face the length of my arm, and calling himself a sinner; and, troth, I thought to myself, 'that's true for ye!'"

Anne Lane went into her schoolroom the next morning with a burning heart, and it did not soothe her feelings to see Mr.

Sanborn, her landlord, appear at the door, a few minutes after, smilingly escorting a clerical-looking stranger, who had come to visit the school.

Mr. Sanborn, though not an educated man, chose to consider himself a patron of education; made himself exceedingly consequential in school affairs, and had now brought a distinguished visitor to see his pet school, the "Excelsior." Anne Lane had one of the show-classes, and he began the exhibition with her.

"Commence, and go on with your exercises just as if there were no one here," he said, with a patronizing smile, after they had taken their seats. "This gentleman wishes to see the ordinary daily working of our system."

The first exercise was a reading from the Bible, and a prayer by the teacher, and Anne's fingers were unsteady as she turned over the leaves for a chapter. Her eyes sparkled as she caught sight of one, and her pulses tingled as she read, her fine, deliberate enunciation and strong emphasis arresting fully the attention of her hearers:

"Times are not hid from the Almighty: but they that know him, know not his days.

"Some have removed landmarks, have taken away flocks by force, and fed them.

"They have violently robbed the fatherless, and stripped the poor common people.

"They have taken their rest at noon among the stores of them who, after having trodden the wine-presses, suffer thirst.

"Out of the cities they have made men to groan; and God will not suffer it to pass unavenged.

"Cursed be his portion upon the earth: let him not walk by the way of the vineyards.

"Let him pass from snow-water to excessive heat, and his sin even to hell.

"Let mercy forget him: may worms be his sweetness; let him be remembered no more, but be broken in pieces like an unfruitful tree."

Closing the book then, Anne Lane dropped her face into her shaking hands, and repeated, almost inaudibly, the Lord's prayer.

Mr. Sanborn was not dull, but he was incredulous. It was almost impossible that this little school-mistress would dare to mean *him*. Yet that new sternness in the young face, ordinarily so smiling, the passion in her voice, with the remembrance of his last interview with Mrs. Lane, altogether made up a pretty strong case against her.

"She makes a strange selection from the Scriptures to read to children," whispered the stranger to him, as Anne hurriedly went through with the first recitations.

"Very strange, sir! very strange!" answered the other, stammering with anger. "And what is worse, it is intended as an insult to me. I have found it necessary to raise the rent of my houses. She is a tenant of mine, and this is her revenge. I hope, sir, that if you have anything to say on the subject, you will not hesitate to speak freely."

The Rev. Mr. Markham sat and considered the case, laying down certain points in his mind. Firstly, women should be sweet, humble, and modest. Secondly, sweetness, modesty, and humility, with firmness and patience, should especially characterize a teacher of youth. Thirdly, persons in authority, clergymen, school-committee men, and the like, should be treated with scrupulous respect by all their subordinates.

The reverend gentleman put on his spectacles, the better to see this young woman who had so boldly vetoed his fundamental doctrines. She held herself very erect, no modest droop whatever; there was a little flicker of heat-lightning in her eyes, and a steady, dark-red spot on each cheek; moreover, she had red hair. Verdict for the plaintiff. She must have a reprimand, a warning, and, on repetition of the offence, must be informed that she is no longer considered a suitable person to mould the minds of youth.

Poor little Anne Lane ! This great, stupid, conceited man did not dream that her aching heart was laden with sweetness as a hive with honey, and that what he called a sweet woman was a sugar-coated woman. He did not allow that there might be some exceptions to his third rule. The reprimand was delivered pitilessly, the warning made sufficiently plain ; then the two gentlemen withdrew, leaving the teacher pale and stunned. The visitor had taken the coldest possible leave, and Mr. Sanborn had not noticed her at all.

"Oh ! why did I yield to anger ?" she thought in terror and distress. "What right have the poor to feelings, to thoughts ? How dare they denounce wrong, even when they die by it ? What was I thinking of ?"

A thrill of pain ran through her every nerve at this last question. She had been thinking all the time of her mother's sobbing words, "I almost went on my knees to him !"

The month crept on towards Christmas. Unknown to her daughter, Mrs. Lane had spent day after day going about the shops and vainly soliciting work. She had not sufficient clothing to protect her from the weather ; she was weakened by sorrow and anxiety, and the disease, which had long been threatening and reaching out for her, made a final grasp. With a terror, all the more terrible in that she could not speak of it, she felt her lungs give way and her breath grow shorter. What would her young children do without her ? If she should be long ill, how were the doctor's bills to be paid ? How were the funeral expenses to be met ? What crushing burden, beside the sorrow, was she going to lay upon the already burdened shoulders of her poor little girl ? She only prayed that the blow might fall swiftly. Poor people can't afford to die leisurely.

One day, about a week before Christmas, Anne came home and found her mother lying senseless upon the floor. Mrs. Lane had held up as long as she could, and now her powers of endurance were gone. But she had her prayer, for the blow fell

swiftly. On Christmas morning all her troubles passed away.

Christmas evening came, and all was still in the house. The neighbours had kindly done what they could, and two of them sat with the lifeless form of what had once been the mother of these children. Frank and Nell had cried themselves to sleep, and Anne was left with the night upon her hands. She could not sleep, and she could not pray. The faith that comforts in sorrow she knew not. She had wept till her head reeled, and the air of the house stifled her.

"I must get out and take the air, or I shall go crazy," she thought. And, dressing hastily, she went out into the bright and frosty night. She wandered aimlessly about the streets, scarcely knowing where she went; not caring, indeed, so long as she walked and felt the wind in her face.

"Christ on earth?" she thought. "I don't believe it! It's all a fable."

On her way she met Mrs. Connors, weeping bitterly. She was going to the watch-house after her little girl. Biddy had stolen a turkey from a shop-window, and a policeman had caught her.

"It is the first thing the child ever stole," the poor woman said; "and what made her do it was hunger. We haven't had a taste of meat in the house this month, and poor Biddy heard the other girls tell what they had for dinner, and it made her mad."

Anne listened as one in a dream, and went on without a word. Presently she came into a sharp glare of light that fell across the sidewalk from a brilliantly illuminated window. She paused to look in, not because she cared what it was, but because she longed for distraction. There was a long suite of parlours, showily if not tastefully furnished, and filled with a gay company, many of them children. In the farthest end of the rooms stood a magnificent Christmas-tree, decked with coloured

candles, flowers, and fruits, and hanging full of presents. The company were all assembled about the tree, and, as she looked, a smiling gentleman stepped up, with the air of a host, and began to distribute the Christmas gifts.

Anne Lane's heart stood still when she recognised Mr. Sanborn.

"O you murderer!" she moaned, as she sank exhausted on the icy steps. "Your candles and your flowers are red with my mother's blood!"

When the Christmas angels looked down upon the earth that night to see how fared the millions, to whom in the morning they had sung their song of joy, their eyes beheld alike the rich man in his parlour and the stricken girl who lay outside his door.

Did they record of him that he had "kept the feast," and worthily remembered One who came that day "to fill the hungry with good things?" Or did they write against him the fearful judgment which had once already sounded in his ears, "Let mercy forget him, let him be remembered no more?"

M. A. TINCKER.

A Consecrated Life.

(*Concluded.*)

THE glad tidings of the arrival of Bishop Williams in Durham rapidly and secretly spread from mouth to mouth amongst the faithful of the surrounding district. Whilst he was still there (where he remained for two or three weeks), Sir Marmaduke Tunstall, of Wycliffe, in Yorkshire, on the confines of Durham, sent his chaplain, Rev. Lawrence Rigby, doctor of the Sorbonne, and one of the vicars-general of the district, to welcome him in his name, and to invite him and the Provincial to Wycliffe for the winter. This message was very seasonable ; and in a few days Tunstall sent his chaplain again, with servants and horses, to conduct them to his house, whither they accordingly repaired.

Just before Christmas the Provincial left the Bishop, in order to visit the Dominican Fathers in the Northern District ; he went first to the house of Joseph Porter, Esq., at Durham, and there solemnized the great festival of Christmas, and continued to serve till the arrival, shortly after, of F. Joseph Bullock, who became the family chaplain. Then he visited F. Antoninus Thompson, at Hexham, and stayed, for some days, with his cousin Mr. Charlton, a medical man and a Catholic, and other friends and acquaintances near Hexham, of whom were John Leadbitter of Wharmley, whose son was a Dominican, and Jasper Gibson of Stonecroft, whose two uncles had died in the Dominican Order. And so by Newcastle and Durham, he went back to Wycliffe.

In the meantime, and after the Provincial's return, the Bishop began to visit the Catholic gentry and his Catholic flocks

around, and to confer the Sacrament of Confirmation, commencing with the domestics in the household of his generous host and neighbouring Catholics in Yorkshire.

Nomina D'norum.	Nomina Sacerdotum.	[Confirmati.]
	Y.	
Tunstal.	Rigby, S.S.	33.
Mare.	Piccering, S.S.	20.
Menel.	Addison, S.S.	20.
Witham.	Witham & Cambers, S.S.	40.
Lawson.	Champion, S.J.	20.
Scroop.	Gifford, S.J.	40.
<i>in Richmond.</i>	Pool, S.J.	20.

193.

This list and those following, which have been preserved by the Dominican Provincial, now possess no small value and interest. They record the episcopal visits, name the Catholics of note who had private chapels in their mansions, and places where there were more public chapels, and give an accurate list of the clergy, distinguishing the secular priests (S.S.), Benedictines (B), Dominicans (D), Franciscans (F), Carmelites (C), and Fathers of the Society of Jesus (S.J.); whilst from the number of those confirmed some idea of the number of Catholics in the Northern District may be formed. The lists are here given as they are written.

On Maundy-Thursaday (Apr. 18th, *o.s.*) the Bishop consecrated the Holy Oils, when about ten priests were present. Shortly after Easter, accompanied by the Provincial and a servant, James Corr, he took his journey from Wycliffe, to visit the Catholics in Yorkshire, and to give Confirmation.

Mense.	D'ni.	Sacerdotes.	Confirm.
Maio.	Smith.	Bostock,	84.
[1728.]	More, <i>et prope.</i>	Hunt,	59.
	Mays.	Tunstal,	57.
	Crathorn.	Lodge,	89.
			<hr/>
			289.

Mense.	D'ni.	Sacerdotes.	Confirm.
		Brought forward,	289.
	<i>in Osmotherley.</i> }		12.
	<i>in Stilsec.</i> }	Marcom, F.	14.
	Menel.	Helme, B.	47.
	Messenger. }	Gefferson, S.S.	50.
	Hansbie. }		50.
	Trap.	Car, S.S.	50.
	Plompton.	Cox, B.	50.
	Middleton.	Franklin, B.	08.
	Fairfax.	Rooksby, } B.	30.
Junio.	Item.		12.
	Chomley.	Kennet, S.S.	30.
	<i>in Civ: Eboracensi.</i>	Parkinson, } S.S.	40.
	Palmes, prope.		08.
	Paston, in Civitate.	Saltmarsh, S.J.	88.
	Gascoin.	{ Cass, } B.	35.
		{ Gilmore, }	
	<i>in Rondo.</i> D'næ Howard.	Elston, S.S.	20.
	Plompton, jun.	{ Rich, } B.	20.
		{ Rogers, }	
	Brandling.	Elston, idem.	13.
ulio.	Vavisor.	Crosland, S.S.	66.
	Iles.	Iles, S.J.	12.
	<i>in Pontfract.</i>	Menel, S.J.	30.
	Percy.	Iles, qui sup'.	12.
	Ann.	Jones, S.J.	20.
	<i>in Sheffield.</i> Norfolk.	Brook, S.J. }	62.
		Item.	23.
	Stapleton. }	Tempest, S.S.	15.
	Vavisor. }		22.
	Langdale. }	Price, S.S.	05.
	Langdale. }		18.
	Constable.	Smith, S.S.	16.
		Item prope.	72.
	— — —	Townley, S.S.	40.
Augusto.	Constable.	Pots, B.	44.
	Plompton.	Cox, B.	10.
	Tankred.	Medcalf, F.	04.
	Middleton.	Frankland, B.	11.
	Tempest.	Fleetwood, S.J.	31.

1379.

Then into Lancashire.

L.

Mense.	D'ni.	Sacerd.	Conf.
	Townley.	Anderton, S.S.	75.
Septemb.	Petre.	Polton, S.J.	23.
		{ Collinridge, F. }	
Octobr.	Petre, eadem.	{ Nailer, B. }	402.
		{ Cha. }	
		{ Melin, S.S. }	
	apud Fontem Mariæ.	{ Kendal, S.S. }	580.
		{ Leigh, S.J. }	
		{ Aliiq' }	
		{ Brockels, S.J. }	
	Traford, C.	{ Winkley, S.S. }	172.
		{ Howghton, B. }	
		{ Aliiq' }	
		{ Morphew, S.J. }	
	Scarsbrick.	{ Garsage, S.S. }	146.
		{ Ball, S.S. }	
	Woofold,	{ Gorsage, qui sup' }	110.
		{ Wolmsley, B. }	
		{ Williams, S.J. }	
	Blundel, J.	{ Clifton, S.J. }	229.
		{ Gorsage, qui sup' }	
		{ Cuirden, C. }	
		{ Lock, S.J. }	
	Blundel, C.	{ Cuirden, qui sup' }	081.
		{ Hard ... }	
		[Correctly, 1818]	2718.

And so into Cheshire.

C.

Mense.	D'ni.	Sacerd.	Conf.
Novemb.	Stanley.	Tichburn. }	40.
		Scarsbrick. }	

Thence back into Lancashire.

L.

D'ni.	Sacerd.	Conf.
Exclaston.	Palmer, S.J.	49.
Molineux.	Molineux. }	207.
	Will, S.J. }	
Molineux, Mos.	Ball, qui sup'. }	35.
Gerard. }	Billings, S.J.	77.
Gerard. } idem.	Goar, S.J. }	202.
	Bartlet, B. }	
Brin.	Moston, S.J. }	
Culshaw.	Smith, } S.J.	132.
	Ecop, }	
		702.

A very severe winter had now set in, and the country was covered with ice and snow, so that the Bishop was compelled to cease from his journeys; and it was with difficulty that he passed out of Lancashire into Yorkshire in a day, especially from Rochdale to Leeds by way of Blackstone Edge, through rocky roads almost blocked with snow. Then he went to the house of Sir Edward Gascoigne, of Parlington, Bart., where he remained for some days, and thence to Middleton Hall, three miles from Leeds, the seat of Ralph Brandling, Esq., with whom he passed the whole winter. Directly after Christmas, the Provincial proceeded to London on horseback, deviating on his way to visit F. Raymund Greene, chaplain to Mrs. Knight, a widow lady, of Kingerby, near Market Rasen, in Lincolnshire, who was his cousin. In London, he was entertained at the house of Mr. Besley, in Panton Street, near Leicester Fields, by F. Pius Bruce, procurator of the province, from whom he received great kindness in an indisposition which overtook him there, and assistance in purchasing some articles of episcopal use for the Bishop. Still he was able to celebrate Mass, on Sundays and holidays, at the house of Mr. Stapleton, and visited all the missionaries of the Order, including in Suffolk, at Long Melford, F. John Martin, and at Gifford Hall, F. Dominic Darbyshire, chaplain to Sir Francis Mannock, Bart.,

under whose hospitable roof his health was entirely restored. He returned from London to Middleton Hall, on Whitsunday morning (May 25th, *o.s.*), and found that the Bishop had consecrated the Holy Oils on Maundy-Thursday (April 3rd, *o.s.*), at Sir Edward Gascoigne's house, and was recovering from an attack of illness.

As soon as his state of health permitted, the Bishop, mindful of his office and the welfare of his flock, set out on his tour of visits for the year 1729, taking with him the Provincial and a servant John Knowles, and conferred Confirmation wherever he went. But just before starting out, he gave the Sacrament to some of his own congregation, and then proceeded through Yorkshire into Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire.

Y.

D'ni.	Sacerd.	Conf.
Brandling.	Ipsē Illus.	05.
Paston <i>in Civit. Eboræ.</i>	Salinger, S.J.	02.
Menel Arbor.	qui' sup'. Addison, S.S.	01.
		<hr/> 08.

D.

<i>Durham.</i>	{ Tocket, S.J. Jackson, } S.S. Rivers, }	{ 127.
Salvin.	Errington, S.S.	040.
Seaforth.	Yaxley, S.S.	033.
Mare.	Alen, S.S.	023.
	Asmel, S.S.	012.
	Carnabie, S.S.	031.
	Molineux, S.J.	100.

N.

<i>Newcastle.</i>	Gibson, S.S.	042.
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D'ni.	D. Sacerd.	Conf.
<i>Sunderland.</i>	Gerlington, S.S.	040.
<i>Stella</i> , Widdrington.	Rogers, B.	109.
N.		
Widdrington Grange.	Carel, S.J.	17.
<i>Morpeth, Civit.</i>	Molineux, idem.	56.
Widdrington, <i>Hosley.</i>	Smith, S.J.	35.
<i>Anwick, Civit.</i>	} Manock, S.J.	
Edw. Haggerston.		
Carn : Haggerston.	Thornton, S.J.	
Clavering.	Birch, S.J.	
Selby.	Widdrington, S.J.	36.
Clavering, <i>Callely.</i>	Widdrington, S.J.	89.
	Medford, S.S.	52.
Thornton.	Sherborn, B.	57.
Swinburn.	Farrington, B.	
Derwentwater.	Halsal, B.	64.
Hexham.	Tompson, D. }	108.
	Walton, S.S. }	
Riddle.	Riddle, B.	32.
Gibson.	Tompson, idem.	38.
C.		
Howard, <i>Corby.</i>	Howard, B.	36.
Howard, <i>Greystock.</i>	Rydon, S.S.	5.
Salkald.	Idem.	6.
W.		
Thornboro.	Idem.	11.
Rydon.	Idem.	16.
Strickland.	Idem.	12.
L.		
Standish, <i>Borwick.</i>	Idem.	11.
Dalton.	Gand. }	123.
	Swarbrick. }	
Leighborn.	Colvert, }	135.
	Brokels, }	
	qui' sup'. Swarbrick, S.J.	114.
Clifton.	Bennet, }	247.
	Har, }	
Dalton, <i>Parkhall.</i>	Houghton, B.	62.

At Parkhall, the residence of Mr. Dalton, the Bishop was seized with a fever, then very fatal in those parts, and great fears of his life were entertained; but by the mercy of God and medical skill, he recovered so far as to be able to resume his labours, and confirmed many more.

D'ni.	Sacerd.	Conf.
Diccinson.	Brockels, S.S.	54.
Howard, <i>Sherborn</i> .	Fairfax, S.J.	} 120.
	Kendal, }	
	Inglesby, } S.S.	
		174.

As winter was now approaching, and he still felt the effects of his late illness, the Bishop returned into Yorkshire, had a relapse of the fever, and with great difficulty reached Leeds, where, under medical advice, he remained for a week or a fortnight. When he was so far convalescent as to be able to travel, he accepted the kind invitation of Sir Edward Gascoigne to pass the winter at his house. There on the Maundy-Thursday (Mar. 25th, *o.s.*) of 1730, he consecrated the Holy Oils, assisted by about ten priests, of whom the Provincial was one. F. Thomas Worthington now became the chaplain of Mr. Brandling at Middleton Hall, and soon ceasing from the provincialship, was no longer the companion of the Bishop, of whose after-life he has recorded only such circumstances as came to his knowledge by casual intercourse or private information.

After Easter, the Bishop, with the Provincial and the same servant, went to London for the provincial chapter of the Dominican fathers, as he much desired to witness the revival of the constitutional government of the English province. The chapter was celebrated Apr. 20th (*o.s.*), 1730, at the house of Mr. Besley in Panton Str. and endured till the 25th; it was the first that had been held for 190 years since the Reformation, and was a source of mutual congratulations among the assembled

fathers, who now also regained the privilege of canonically electing their own provincial. In the chapter, the Bishop's servant, John Knowles, was admitted into the Third Order of St. Dominic, at his own request.

After the chapter, F. Thomas Worthington returned to Middleton Hall for Whitsunday, while the Bishop remained in London for some time, and visited Sir Francis Mannock at Gifford Hall. Then he went to Monmouth, and stayed with his younger brother Benedict, at the Priory.

In the meantime, Sir Edward Gascoigne generously gave up the principal part of his house at Huddleston, about a mile from Sherburn, for the permanent dwelling of the Bishop, who sent before him F. Pius Bruce with a woman-servant, named Margaret, to furnish and prepare it for his reception. About September, he arrived there from Monmouth, accompanied by his youngest brother the Jesuit, who remained with him for some days. There he passed the whole winter. In the Holy Week of 1731, he went to Parlington, and consecrated the Holy Oils (Apr. 15th, *o.s.*), assisted by about ten priests, of whom F. Thomas Worthington was one. After the feast of St. Dominic, at which many missionary priests were present, he started out on a visitation of Lancashire and part of Cheshire, accompanied by F. Pius Bruce and a servant, Henry Nicolson, confirmed about 2000 persons, and returned to Huddleston by Christmas.

In the Holy Week of 1732 (Apr. 6th, *o.s.*), the Bishop consecrated the Holy Oils in Hazlewood chapel belonging to Sir Peter Vavasour, Bart. After keeping St. Dominic's day, the Bishop, along with F. Antoninus Hatton, then chaplain to Jordan Langdale, Esq. (for F. Pius Bruce had now returned to his place in London), and a servant, Alexander, made a visitation of Northumberland. In returning he fell so seriously ill, that it was only a few days before Christmas he could reach Huddleston, where he rested for some months. On the Maundy-Thursdays, (Mar. 22nd, *o.s.*) of 1733, he consecrated the Holy Oils at

Parlington, in the newly built and decorated chapel of Sir Edward Gascoigne, which he afterwards consecrated and dedicated in honour of the Transfiguration of our Lord and St. Benedict. Shortly before this, F. Antoninus Hatton had resumed his place at Mr. Langdale's, and F. John Clarkson had succeeded as the Bishop's chaplain.

In 1733, a sharp but fortunately short persecution fell upon the Catholics of Yorkshire. A minister of the neighbouring parish of Kippax, Rev. Mr. Bridges, was reconciled to the Church after one or two conferences with the Bishop, nobly resigned his rich living, and declared himself a Catholic. He was a person of considerable learning, and was highly esteemed by his acquaintances, so that his conversion made a great noise throughout the country. The Archbishop of York, Lancelot Blackburn, immediately opened penal proceedings against the Catholics, and nearly all of them in the diocese of York were cited before the Spiritual Court. The Bishop, too, would have been cited, if he had not cautiously withdrawn, with F. John Clarkson, to Marmaduke Tunstall's, whose house at Wycliffe was in another diocese. There he remained for some months, till the Archbishop was induced to proceed no further by the urgent solicitations of some Protestant friends, whom Sir Edward Gascoigne had prevailed on to interfere in the matter. The rumour of this affair was considerably exaggerated in foreign countries. A letter of the Internuncio at Brussels, dated July 24th, 1733, and addressed to Cardinal Petra, announced to the Propaganda at Rome, that Bishop Williams was in serious peril, being "actually obliged to fly to the most deserted and remote places, to escape *carceri e tormenti*, as the Pseudo-Archbishop of York had issued a mandate for his capture, on account of his having made a conversion of a Protestant Minister." The Bishop, his chaplain, and servant returned to Huddleston before Christmas.

The Holy Oils were consecrated by the Bishop on Maundy-

Thursday, 1734 (Apr. 11th, *o.s.*), at Huddleston; and in 1735 (Apr. 3rd, *o.s.*), 1736 (Apr. 22nd, *o.s.*), 1737 (Apr. 7th, *o.s.*), 1738 (Mar. 30th, *o.s.*), and 1739 (Mar. 25th, *o.s.*) in the chapel of Sir Edward Gascoigne at Parlington, on each occasion about ten assistant priests being present, of whom F. Thomas Worthington was always one.

About the time that the Bishop was in retirement at Wycliffe, a religious named Joseph Philip Brunet, of the province of Aquitain, whilst he was pursuing his studies at Paris, put off the habit of the Order, out of a spirit of levity, and without abandoning his faith, betook himself to the north of England. There he fortunately fell under the notice of F. Thomas Worthington, who persuaded him to return to his duties, and sent him to the College of St. Thomas Aquinas at Louvain, where he was fully reconciled to the Church by the Internuncio at Brussels. The Bishop deeply interested himself in the case, and sought to secure the same favour on the part of the Order. He wrote to the Master-General in behalf of the delinquent, and at his solicitation the fathers of the English province, then sitting in their provincial chapter, May 10th (*o.s.*), 1734, added their petition. The Master-General, July 3rd, out of respect to the Bishop, condoned the offence, and fully restored the wanderer to his position in the Order.

After St. Dominic's Day, 1734, the Bishop confirmed many in Cheshire, and was home again for Christmas. About this time, F. John Clarkson was removed, and the Rev. Henry George Heddon, secular priest and alumnus of Douay, became chaplain to the Bishop, who had also another servant named Alexander Jameson.

In 1735, the Bishop was in such ill health that he could not make his usual visitation, and did not leave Huddleston. After Easter, 1736, he confirmed in Northumberland and part of Yorkshire. In the same year (October 25th, *o.s.*), occurred in Lancashire the miraculous cure of a boy by the hand of the martyred

Edmund Arrowsmith, S.J., as the following document testifies.

“Narratio Egritudinis filii mei, et miraculosæ sanitatis ejus. Die 30^o Junii, febribus intermittentibus ægrotare cœpit, anno ætatis tunc 12^o, in quâ conditione perseveravit usque ad medium sequentis Augusti. Tunc valdè debilis effectus, usum membrorum amisit, à medio dorsi inferius, in quo statu, quamvis variis usus est medicis, etc., remansit usque ad 25 Octobris, 1736. Passus est etiam variis convulsionibus, quæ visum oculorum et memoriam multum affecerunt: habuit insuper continuam expuitionem. 25 vero Octobris, 1736, sanatus est modo sequenti. Procuratâ manu Di. Arrowsmith, qui passus est Lancastriam (sicut nobis narratum est) uxor mea dorsum nudavit, manu signum Crucis fecit: statim surrexit et ambulavit, membrorum usum perfectè recepit, visus oculorum et memoria rediere, et expuitio cessavit.

Testes nos,

CARYLL HAWARDEN,	} Pater et Mater Pueri.
CATHARIN HAWARDEN,	
THOMAS HAWARDEN, ipse puer.	
Sanatus, præsentibus nobis,	
JOANNA CROSBIE. SARA CROSS.”	

During the summer of 1737, the Bishop gave Confirmation in part of Yorkshire. His servant Jameson left him, and was succeeded by a James, on whose death another James entered his service. In the summer of 1738, he again confirmed in Yorkshire, as far as F. Thomas Worthington remembered; and in 1739, would have proceeded into Lancashire, Cheshire, etc., if the increasing perils of the times had not rendered it more prudent to desist; so he confined his visits to the parts of Yorkshire in his own neighbourhood. During this year, F. Antoninus Hatton joined him, and remained together with the Rev. H. G. Heddon; and a new servant, Thomas Briggs, was engaged.

After enduring the very severe winter of 1739-40, the Bishop began to be troubled with an inflamed leg, the pain of which he

patiently bore for some weeks. The wound was healed, and he appeared to be enjoying such good health that, on the Monday in Holy Week (March 31st, *o.s.*), he determined to go to Parlington, and consecrate the Holy Oils in Sir Edward Gascoigne's chapel, according to his custom. But on awaking, the following morning, he was seized with a violent shivering fit, like that of a tertian ague, which lasted for some time. Afterwards, in hope of his obtaining some repose, he was left alone in his chamber. It is supposed that he attempted to rise from his bed, and fainted, for Mr. Heddon (F. Antoninus Hatton being then absent), feeling very anxious, went to the door, and heard suppressed groans. Mr. Heddon immediately entered the room, and found that the Bishop had fallen on the floor. The Bishop was instantly raised, and so far recovered that he still hoped to go through the ceremony of the following Thursday, at least in his own chapel at Huddleston. On the evening of the next day (April 2d, *o.s.*), F. Thomas Worthington arrived to assist at the consecration of the Oils, and learned of the illness of the Bishop, and that he had often and earnestly inquired for him. F. Thomas went up to his room without delay, knelt and kissed his hand, and received his blessing, which was bestowed with marked pleasure. He then gave him the ten guineas, which Mr. and Mrs. Brandling were accustomed to send him every year, and helped him to place the money in his desk. On that blessing F. Thomas Worthington afterwards dwelt with fond remembrance, for it was the last imparted by the Bishop to any particular person.

The Bishop was assisted into bed, still expressing hopes of consecrating the Oils on the morrow. But to the by-standers it was evident that the illness was making rapid and fatal progress. Although he had been attended, for some days, by his apothecary and friend, Mr. Robinson, it was deemed best to call in a physician from Pontefract. The physician arrived in the middle of the night, pronounced the case to be beyond all hope, and declared that death was close at hand. The Sacraments of

Penance and Extreme Unction were immediately administered (the mind of the Bishop now wandering), and the Indulgence or the Holy Rosary *in articulo mortis* was imparted by F. Thomas Worthington. Directly after, the Bishop of Tiberiopolis calmly expired, about a quarter past four o'clock of the morning of Maundy-Thursday, April 3d (*o.s.*), 1740, being then in the 73d year of his age, the 55th of his religious profession, the 49th of his priesthood, and the 16th of his episcopal consecration.

On the same morning, F. Thomas Worthington celebrated Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop. On the following day (Good Friday) the office of the dead, with the other rites, was recited by F. Thomas Worthington, F. Antoninus Hatton, and Mr. Heddon. In the evening the body was placed on a hearse, and conveyed to its last resting-place. Sir Edward Gascoigne followed, accompanied by about forty other gentlemen on horseback, who went uninvited out of respect to the memory of the deceased. The funeral passed along about four miles to the little Catholic church of Hazlewood, belonging to Sir Walter Vavasor, Bart., who gave permission for the body to be interred there, and met the funeral at its arrival. Mr. Heddon, being the priest there, performed the funeral service publicly in the sight of all the people. Here, then, the body of the Bishop was deposited in the tomb.

A stone, which is still in perfect preservation, was soon placed over his grave, and bears this epitaph.

D. O. M.
 SUB HOC MONUMENTO QUIESCIT
 ILLUSTRISSIMUS ET REVERENDISSIMUS
 IN CHRISTO PATER AC DOMINUS
 D. THOMAS WILLIAMS
 EPISCOPUS TIBERIOPOLITANUS
 E SACRO PRÆDICATORUM ORDINE ASSUMPTUS
 QUI
 INTER AMICORUM FLETUS ET SUSPIRIA
 DIE 3 APRILIS ANNI 1740
 PROPE OCTOGENARIUS
 ANIMAM REDDIDIT CREATORI.
 R. I. P.

Some memorials of the Bishop of Tiberiopolis are still preserved in the Dominican Province, consisting of his mitre, pastoral staff, gloves, and buskins. The episcopal ring and pectoral cross were presented by the fathers, June 24th, 1835, to Bishop Walsh of the Midland District, and passed through Cardinal Wiseman to the Archbishop of Westminster. The mitre is very simple, formed of pasteboard, covered with plain cloth of gold, with an edging of gold thread, and lined with red silk. The pastoral staff is made of box-wood, in three parts, which screw together, with a head of elm-wood, carved into a floral termination, all silvered. The mitre-box is made of wood, covered with leather, and lined with red silk, stamped with an ornamental pattern in gold. The white silk gloves once had a cross on the back, stitched on with yellow floss-silk; but the cross has been cut away, and only some fragments of the silk remain. The buskins, too, of white silk, stamped with a bold floral pattern, bore ornaments in threadwork; but only the marks of the stitching remain. His Dominican office-book, too, is kept: "*Breviarium Sacri Ordinis Prædicatorum. Parisiis. MDCCX.*" in 4to.: in the calendar he has noted, Dec. 30th, "*Dies Consecrationis meæ à Benedicto xiii. an. 1725, quæ fuit Dom.*"

There is no portrait of this good Bishop known to exist. The mitre, gloves, and buskins show that he was tall, and somewhat corpulent. He was exceedingly esteemed for his kindness and charity towards the sick and poor, secured the friendship of numerous Protestants, and died much lamented by his neighbours. There are now very few traces left to indicate his learning and mental attainments. He is said to have written "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire Ecclésiastique du xviii. Siècle*"; but such a work never appears, and when followed to its source, the assertion is found to be an evident misconception. The three Theses which he wrote for the defensions show that he was a profound and skilful scholastic

F. RAYMOND PALMER, O.P.

Note.—The earlier part of this biographical sketch is compiled from the Registers of the Master-General of the Dominican Order at Rome, and from the Archives of the English Dominican Province. The episcopal part is the free translation of a memoir written in Latin, shortly after the Bishop's decease, by F. Thomas Worthington, to which some important matters have been added.

All dates here given are *new style*, except where it is otherwise noted.

A Visit to Loreto.

I HAD long been anxious to visit the far-famed church of Loreto; but, though we made frequent journeys to the western parts of Italy, no opportunity of seeing the eastern coast presented itself until the decision to embark for Egypt at Ancona brought the great sanctuary of Loreto within our reach. Let no one follow our example of embarking for Egypt at Ancona. It is one of the most disagreeable experiences I have ever made. The steamer comes in from Venice in the night at uncertain hours. It anchors at the entrance of the harbour. One has to sit up to await the announcement of its arrival. Then for some unknown reason one is kept standing on the quay a long time waiting for the boat which takes passengers to the steamer, in our case on a wet, windy, dark night. When we embarked we found the sea inside the harbour very rough, and worse than rough sea and bad weather, it was the hour, about four in the morning, when a fleet of fishing-boats were going to sea, and as the boats tacked hither and thither about the harbour in the darkness, we were in constant danger of being run down. Before the arrival of the steamer we had secured a spare day at Ancona and took advantage of it to run down by rail to Loreto, a distance of about fifteen miles. The town is situated on a high hill nearly two miles from the station, though a steep foot-path, called by the Italians a *scortone*, is very much shorter. The drive by rail is through very pretty scenery, but, had time permitted, we should greatly have preferred either of the *vetturino* roads. There are two, one along the coast, the other making a

considerable détour inland. The country is very hilly, though the great lateral spurs of the Apennines do not come very near the coast of Ancona. English people so seldom visit eastern Italy, except to rush through to Brindisi, or in the very few cases when enthusiasts in Byzantine Art pay a short visit to Ravenna, that the beauties of its hilly scenery are comparatively unknown; nevertheless, the country is well worthy of greater notice. It is rich as well as picturesque, being highly cultivated, abounding in cornfields, vineyards, and mulberry trees, and the peasantry retain much of that beauty which Raphael adopted as the type of the Saviour in the Pietà which may still be seen in the seldom-visited gallery of Brescia.

The church of the Holy House at Loreto is the great object of attraction to pilgrims. It was our good fortune to arrive on the same day that brought a large party of French pilgrims, who, having been at Rome, were visiting Loreto on their home journey. The church occupies one side of the principal square of the town, another side being filled by what was a Jesuit convent, and a third by a very fine palace of the governor. A statue of Pope Sixtus V. which is in the middle of the square astonishes one by its grandiose appearance in a small country town. The foundation of the church dates from A.D. 1294 in the Pontificate of Pope Celestin V. when the Holy House arrived from Nazareth.

Loreto is a very small city with a population of about five thousand people. Appearances would lead one to suppose that more than half of them were beggars, as very persistent mendicants swarm in all directions. There are some tolerable shops, but no houses that look like the abodes of resident gentry. The views are superb both of sea and cultivated country, but all ideas of fine scenery and other attractions are lost sight of in the absorbing interest attaching to the beauties of the great church, erected and adorned as it has been in the most brilliant epoch of Italian art—*l'Epoca*, as the Italians proudly and justly call it.

The first things to observe are the superb bronze doors, scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of Florence and Pisa. They are divided into three compartments, the central one representing scenes in the histories of the Old Testament from the creation to the flight of Cain. The one on the left hand, amidst the richest Arabesques and figures of Prophets and Sibyls, represents scenes from both Old and New Testaments, and the right hand compartment in the same manner depicts varied scriptural scenes. These fine works are all by native artists, by which I mean artists born in adjacent small towns ; great artists their works prove them to have been, though except among deep students of art their names are strange to English ears. Who amongst us, for instance, has ever heard of Tiburzio Verzelli of Camarino, the artist who cast the left hand door ? The doors were all finished in the Pontificate of Pope Paul V. The bell tower is of great height and contains an enormous bell, the gift of Leo X.

The aspect of the church on entering is imposing, the roof very lofty, and adorned by paintings of the prophets in *chiaroscuro*, by that great artist, Luca Signorelli. These, however, like all such ceiling decoration, can hardly be seen from below, and one regrets that the work of such a master should be practically out of sight.

More than half-way up the centre of the church the Santa Casa is placed. It is a small brick building about thirty feet long and about twelve feet wide. It is entirely cased in rich marble on the outside ; on the inside the rough bricks are uncovered. There is a door at the north side, and a window at the west. The construction is of the simplest kind and it is evidently the house of a very poor person. Over the window is an ancient cross and from the vault are suspended two bells, said to have belonged to the Santa Casa itself. The original floor is lost and has been replaced by one of squares of red and white marble. In a niche above the fire-place, at the eastern

end of the Santa Casa, is a statue of the Blessed Virgin and the infant Saviour, said to have been sculptured by St. Luke. It is nearly black with age and is not beautiful, but it is highly venerated from the traditions attached to it. Nothing can be more gorgeous than the dress of the Virgin. The white satin robes glisten with jewels, which are festooned down the entire length of the skirt. Kings and princes have vied with each other in the splendour of their offerings, presented to replace the gifts of the faithful for ages which had been sacrificed to satisfy the rapacity of the French in the Napoleonic wars.

A guardian with a drawn sword stands at the door of the entrance. Every evening before the door is closed a priest attended by an acolyte ascends a ladder and dusts the Virgin's robes and jewels with a feather brush, chanting a litany while so employed. Crowds of pilgrims and peasants from the surrounding country attend this service. When it is over the Santa Casa is swept, and the dust is reverentially carried away and made into little cups stamped with the likeness of the statue of the Virgin in the Santa Casa. Two monks sit at a table near the top of the church with a lighted candle and place a seal on the bottom of the cups as a testimony of their being genuine, the cups being sold in the church by some authorised person.

On the occasion of our visit the privilege of sweeping up this dust was a cause of much contention amongst the pilgrims; several French ladies, who wanted to monopolise the brushes, were treated with scant civility by the guardians, who insisted on every one having a turn. When the evening ceremonies are finished the Santa Casa is locked up for the night.

Having seen these offices performed, and having had several cups sealed as welcome presents for devout friends, we had time to look at the sculptures on the marble casing of the house. This magnificent work, the cost of which was immense, though several of the artists worked gratuitously, is a perfect museum of sculpture. Unlike the artists of the bronze doors, the sculptors of these

bas-reliefs bear names that are familiar to all interested in Italian sculpture. Sansovino, Baccio Bandinelli, Raffaello da Montelupo, Nicolo Tribolo, Guglielmo della Porta, and many others, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of Murray and Baedeker? and do not their works contribute to the artistic glory of their favoured land from one end of it to the other? Amongst the most admired of those works on the Santa Casa may be mentioned the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, in which lovely figures are introduced, emblematical of the seven virtues of the Virgin, the marriage of the Virgin, the prophets, Daniel and Amos (the latter with a dog at his feet), and the sibyls. The ornamental sculptures are very beautiful, and the whole must be seen to give any idea of the beauty, the grace, and the dignity of these lovely representations. Perhaps the Annunciation by Sansovino, always a delightful subject, as well as his Nativity, may be considered the finest; but some of the prophets by less known men are full of power.

The next thing to see is the baptismal font, a very grand work in bronze. It was cast by Vitali. It is covered by representations of baptismal scenes, and is surmounted by a figure of St. John baptising our Saviour. Among the bas-reliefs are St. John baptising in the Jordan, Naaman cured of his leprosy, Philip and the Eunuch, &c. &c. Four female figures are at the corners of the font. The side chapels are ornamented with pictures, which are mostly copies, many of them in mosaic; but a few are by great masters, notably some frescoes by Luca Signorelli. Those are in the Sagrestia, where may also be seen some fine carving on the presses and *lavamani*, attributed to Benedetto da Majano of Florence.

The treasury somewhat disappointed us. Previous to the French invasion it contained the richest collection of costly offerings which the piety of pilgrims had ever brought together. Kings and princes, the great ones of the earth, all contributed to increase the magnificence of the treasury of Loreto, but the

enormous sum imposed by the treaty of Tolentino compelled Pius VI. to despoil it of its riches. The guide-books tell us that the offerings since that time have nearly restored its former magnificence, but that is not the fact. The glass cases contain nothing of remarkable value. The vessels used by Pius VII. in celebrating mass, gold or silver gilt, and presented by him after his return from France, in gratitude for his liberation, were the most costly objects that we saw. The jewels are, of course, all used to decorate the dress of the Virgin, and do not add to the show in the treasury. There is a picture covered with glass, said to be by Tintoretto, another by Andrea del Sarto, and a third variously attributed to Correggio or Schidone. The chapel of the treasury is remarkable for the frescoes on the roof representing the history of the Blessed Virgin, interspersed by figures of Prophets and Sibyls. All these works are described at length, and with much learning and research in Murray's admirable guide; but a prolonged visit is necessary to obtain a clear idea of the beauty and artistic riches of this wonderful church.

As to the representations of sibyls in a purely Christian church, I confess to a certain sense of repugnance. In the great church of Orvieto may also be seen this mixture of classical with sacred subjects. On the same wall with Luca Signorelli's magnificent representations of the Resurrection and the Last Judgment, may be seen several small vignettes of such stories as the Rape of Proserpine, Orpheus and Eurydice, and similar scenes; and this mixture of Pagan with Christian subjects was unfortunately characteristic of the Renaissance and the revival of classical learning. The artists of an earlier school were free from this desecration, as they were also free from any approach to the theatrical treatment of sacred subjects, common in our own times. They were intensely Christian and realistic in their treatment of such subjects, and as they believed, they painted, in all simplicity and truth. To illustrate this I may cite a "Deposition from the Cross" by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, an early

Sienese painter. The dead Christ lies across the front of the picture, the Virgin kneels beside Him and lays her cheek against His face with ineffable tenderness, the Magdalen stands by weeping bitterly. In other similar pictures, notably those of Giotto, angels around wring their hands, others hide their faces, unable to gaze on the awful scene. In these pictures human tenderness, passionate grief, and deep religious faith, inspired the painter in realizing the scenes. Compare such works with a modern rendering of the same scene. Let us turn to Paul de la Roche's "Deposition from the Cross." In it, as in Lorenzetti's, the dead Christ lies across the foreground ; Joseph of Arimathea, in gorgeous dress, and St. John are near. On high ground far off, kneeling by a cross, are the Virgin and the Magdalen, in studied attitudes and flowing drapery ; there is no trace of either human feeling or religious faith in this picture, much admired as it is.

Before leaving the church I had a long and interesting conversation with an Italian lady, a pilgrim from Camarino. Perhaps she was hardly what one should call a lady, but she was a woman with a sweet, refined face, and gentle voice and manners. (In what class do the Italians ever fail on the head of good manners?) My friend was probably the wife of some well-to-do farmer, and the cause of her pilgrimage to Loreto, a distance of some forty miles, was the marriage of her daughter whom she accompanied on her wedding tour. It touched me greatly that the first idea of these people, on such an occasion, was to take the opportunity of performing what they considered a religious duty, and that the young people began their wedded life by seeking for a peculiar blessing in this little pilgrimage. Also it struck me as a great contrast to our own manners that the mother-in-law was not considered the *bête noire*, as is so often her fate in our favoured land ! Verily there are some things to be admired in other countries besides England.

Having exhausted our powers of admiration, we left the church and went to see what remained to be seen of the marvel-

lous majolica which once adorned the Spezzeria of the adjacent convent. The guide-books quote the description of a recent traveller who related that he found the lovely jars broken, neglected, "lying higgledy piggledy," and on the high road to complete destruction. We were, therefore, agreeably surprised to find them, carefully arranged according to size, in a room surrounded by ranges of shelves. How many remain of the original 780 we did not count, but they appeared to be very numerous; and if many of them be cracked or otherwise injured, that does not appear. We were especially shown the three for which Louis XIV. is reported to have offered their weight in gold. They were on a high shelf, probably for greater safety, consequently could not be seen so well as those lower down. I thought I made out that the subject of the painting on one was that of Abraham receiving the angels. The subjects are generally after drawings by Michael Angelo, Raphael, &c.; and the jars painted by Orazio Fontana, and Battista Franco. The colour is very brilliant and the glaze very fine, but not iridescent, like the work of Maestro Giorgio of Gubbio. They have one great defect: they are all the same shape, and that an ugly one. No matter how different in size they are all round and stumpy in form with little spouts near the top. These were the last things we saw before joining the French pilgrims for dinner at a very bad hotel. The evening train took us back to Ancona, there to await the arrival of the steamer destined to take us from the glorious art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the wondrous works of the contemporaries of Abraham and his predecessors.

M. A. BLOOD.

Frank Leward.

(Continued.)

Frank to Mrs. Herbert.

UPTON SCHOOL, *December 20, 1836.*

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER It's tremendously kind of you to ask me this Christmas and Jones and Bampton. Bamptons got no father or mother to go to only an uncle. I thought I was going to be expelled or at any rate have to stay here all the holidays because of that row only Bampton went to Saunders and Saunders went to Pott and so I got off with a lot of impots and a swinging caning. You will like Bampton hes awfully clever and spouts Shakespeare and History and all sorts. will you ask him to spout its awful fun. Yesterday he did all about Cæsar and Brutus awfully well before a lot of swells ladies and gentlemen and people and he played the piano splendidly. The fellows made me sing. I sang one of Dibdin's sea-songs called Tom Bowling and the fellows made me sing it over again a beastly nuisance I hate having to sing before people Im in such a funk. Then we wanted Bampton to play his fiddle which he can do awfully well but old Pott wouldnt have it because he thought we should make such a beastly row.

I did a pretty good exam in history I should like to have gone about fighting for King Charles and have a go at those beastly round head brutes. I nearly got a prize for Greek. I like Homer tremendously I wish I was born then. Achilles and Ajax were

fine beggars always fighting I like Ajax but I knew about him before from the Ovid we did under Saunders and he tried for the shield of Achilles. I hate Ulysses but Bampton says its very good where he goes home and gets ship wrecked. I want to go to sea so does Jones will you ask Mamma do you think she will mind much. Good-bye were coming to-morrow mind.

Dr. Pott to Mr. Leward.

THE SCHOOL, UPTON, *May 28, 1837.*

MY DEAR SIR,—As is my usual custom, I write a few lines at this season of the year to keep you informed of the respective improvement—physical, moral, intellectual—of your sons.

Of the elder I wish sincerely for my own sake, more for your sake, but most of all for his, that I could report improvement in all these branches of human education.

Physically, undoubtedly your son Francis has improved. He is an athlete, and a leader amongst the athletes of our school. This branch of education, though not to be despised by us, any more than it was amongst the ancients, is, I need hardly point out to a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar like yourself, a comparatively small and unimportant part of a gentleman's and a Christian's education. The Greeks ranked such training highly; I think, and always have thought, too highly.

This pre-eminence of its kind may account for the apparent κῦδος which your son, I believe, receives at the hands of his compeers.

Morally, or in the sphere of ethics, I regret to have to inform you, whom I know to be sincerely and profoundly anxious for your son's future, even more than for his present, welfare; more for his eternal even than for his temporal advancement, I regret, I say, deeply to have to inform you that I can see no improvement whatever. Fain would I, to spare a too-affectionate parent's feelings, draw a veil over so sad and distressing a subject.

Intellectually Francis is by no means deficient. The reports of his masters show that he has made a considerable advance in the "litteris humanioribus," or in classic knowledge, and could he abstract his mind sufficiently from vain and passing amusements to devote it more to the great models of antiquity, I have no doubt he might become a very fair scholar. But alas ! though in the words of the great Stagirite the *δύναμις* is there, the *ἐνεργεια* is altogether wanting.

I turn to the more hopeful and cheering picture presented by your younger son.

Physically, he is of course inferior to his elder brother. Heaven has denied to him a strong constitution or a muscular frame. That is not his fault, but is of the wise designs of an inscrutable Providence. Morally, Arthur is all I could wish ; an example to the whole school, an ever-present monitor, a censor moraliū.

Intellectually, he is progressing very creditably. Though the bent of his mind is evidently mathematic, and though he excels all other boys of his age in mathematic studies, he is by no means deficient in classic attainments.

I am writing, as I am in duty bound to do, to keep you informed exactly of my opinion of the respective progress of your sons. I trust that though the former portion of my report is not favourable, you will be consoled by knowing that you have one son worthy of your name—one who strives to imitate the noble example of respectability, piety, and morality which you have ever set.—I beg, sir, to subscribe myself your obliged and humble servant,

THEOPHILUS POTT.

To FRANCIS LEWARD, Esq., J.P.,
The Shrubbey, Southampton.

PART II.

*FLIGHT AND WANDERINGS—VAN
DIEMEN'S LAND.*

*Same to the same.*UPTON SCHOOL, *June 15, 1838.*

DEAR SIR,—It is with the most profound regret that I have to report to you that your elder son has disappeared from the school, and that there rests on him, and on another thoroughly bad boy, named Jones, more than a suspicion of dishonesty.

Your son, as a treasurer of the first eleven of cricket players, had charge of all the moneys of their club, and the boy Jones had, in an evil hour, and much against my wish, but at the instance of your son, been elected secretary of the same club. In this way, and evidently by design, the whole management of the moneys belonging to the association had come into their hands. It seems now that these two wretched youths have not scrupled to embezzle the funds so committed to their care ; and to avoid an inquiry, and the possible result of a magisterial decision, they took advantage of the quiet of Sunday night last to escape from the punishment due to their offence.

The school authorities have done all in their power to trace the fugitives and bring them to justice, but hitherto without success. Their plans must have been deeply laid and for some time past. Fain would I spare the pain these disclosures must cause a sensitive parent's heart ; but duty to the others committed to my care compels me to inform you that under no circumstances, conditions, or considerations whatever could I receive back to the school either your son or his companion in crime.

Not only your earnest religion, but your recollection of in-

stances of ancient Roman fortitude and love of justice, even when it must be meted out to a son, will help to support you in this trial. I feared at first the effect of this blow on your younger son; he is bowed down beneath an all-wise and chastening Providence, but resigned. I hope he may long live to redeem the family name,—I am, sir, in heart-felt sympathy, your obedient servant,

THEOPHILUS POTT.

TO FRANCIS LEWARD, Esq., J.P.,
The Shrubbery, Southampton.

Mr. Jones to Dr. Pott.

June 18, 1838.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 15th inst. has indeed plunged me into the greatest tribulation. As John has made his bed so must he lie on it. I had intended to take him into the office shortly with a view of ultimately allowing him to succeed to my share of the business, as I have a right to do. This had been my great hope, and I always looked forward to the right of retiring after a hard life's work, and seeing my only son take my place. This of course now cannot be. My partners would not hear of it; how could I expect them to! Our firm has for nearly a century prided itself on its character for integrity and straightforward dealing, as well as on its large and important country connection. In my opinion, anyone, whether a son of mine or not, who meddles, for his own advantage, in trust property, however small the trust estate may be, is an object and always must be an object of suspicion. My son's flight creates a presumption of guilt, and casts upon him the onus of proving his innocence. I have given instructions to our most experienced officers in town to trace my son's whereabouts. When he is discovered, as I have no doubt he soon will be, I shall have to determine what course to pursue. At present, I can think of nothing but the sea service.

I am thankful for the trouble you have always taken with John. I regret, more than I can say, the annoyance you have undergone, and the awful disgrace that has fallen upon me.--
I am, sir, yours very truly, JOHN JONES.

Rev. Dr. POTT, the School, Upton.

Mrs. Leward to Mrs. Herbert.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am utterly confounded, ever since I heard of it I have sat surrounded by a thick black horror through which I cannot find my way. My mind is distracted, I hardly know what I do or say. For days I have tried to write to you but I had no strength or energy. I cannot even cry. I start up at night from heavy painful sleep and feel I must rush to the window and cry out, Frank is not guilty. I tremble at every knock that comes lest it should be some officer of justice. At night if I do sleep I dream of officers of justice and prisoners and horrid-looking men in gaol and I see my boy's beautiful face among them, and then it changes and becomes so pale and sad I scarcely know him, and then it turns into a skeleton and I wake with a scream. O God! I do not pray that I may die but that I and Frank had never been born. He is innocent, I know, but why has he run away? Why did he ever grow up? Why could he not always have remained the sweet companion of my happy days?

Now where can he be? If I only knew I would go through fire and water to find him, and if he would not come back at least he would let me stay with him to take care of him. But here I sit in helpless blank despair.

Francis has written from London to say his name must never be mentioned in this house. Francis is so wise and good, I know he does this for Arthur's sake but yet it seems so cruel.

I dare not look at the hair I have of his since he was a baby

nor the curls I cut off when he went to school. I only gaze at the drawer where they are.

Do write to me soon, dear Mother. If I could only come and lay my head on your lap as I used to do I might be able to weep, if I cannot get that relief I shall not, I think, last long.
Write soon to your poor MARY.

Same to the same.

THE SHRUBBERY.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I write at once to tell you that our boy is vindicated. I knew he would be. I enclose two letters, one from Mr. Saunders, and one from dear Bampton and one written by Frank to Bampton just before he went. What they say about Frank is only what I always knew. I always knew too the injustice of Dr. Pott's suspicions would soon be discovered.

I thought that Jones could not be so bad either because Frank was so fond of him and his soul was too pure to allow anything unworthy to share in his friendship, but I sometimes feared his great kindness of heart might allow him to be deceived.

But O Mamma where has Frank gone? Dr. Pott has had the country round Upton thoroughly searched. Mr. Jones has put the matter into the hands of the cleverest officers in London and he as a lawyer could do this better than any one. Francis has left no stone unturned to find out where the foolish boys are hiding, but no answer comes—it all seems such a mystery. Poor old Mrs. Vamperley declares she saw Frank here on Waterloo night, as she calls it, looking up at my window, and that he suddenly vanished away, so she told the servants. The poor people think she is a witch, and she is no doubt very strange and superstitious, but not so bad as they make out. She has known Frank from a baby and although very fond of him always predicted he would have a wandering blighted life. God grant it

may not come true, more terribly true than this poor creature ever dreamed of in her foolish ignorant dreams.

I have gone on telling you, without much coherence I fear, all that we know. I still seem in a lethargy, and although the two letters comforted me beyond expression, yet all is so strange and like a nightmare. Still I cannot weep. I feel fast bound in bonds of iron, and the iron has indeed entered into my soul. To think that I may never never hear that happy laugh or see his face again. I cannot bear it. It seems so unnatural to think of one so full of life suddenly taken away. I lie awake at night, and if I do fall asleep for a few minutes I start up expecting to see his spirit in the room, and half in fear and yet almost wishing I could see him even as a spirit, for then at least I should know the worst, and perhaps he would beckon me to follow him to that blessed country where he may even now be and we should kneel for ever at the foot of the great white throne, and I should be happy with my boy a blessed angel the brightest of that bright band, and with my dear father too we should wait in perfect bliss to welcome you dear mother to that far-off happy land where sorrow cannot enter and where we shall meet to part no more. Write soon, dearest mother, and forgive this unintelligibles crawl, you know how ill I am.—Your loving

MARY.

Mr. Saunders to Mrs. Leward.

UPTON SCHOOL, *June 19, 1838.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—I hasten at once to inform you that all is cleared up. But first let me assure you there is no master or boy in the school who ever felt the slightest suspicion about your son ; and though the head-master's sense of justice is exceedingly nice, he was soon convinced that he had fallen into an error. A little extravagance in the management of the cricket club funds, and some indolence in balancing accounts on Frank's part, made them apparently incorrect and a large sum to

be deficient. Your son's high sense of honour and a too great sensitiveness made him dread the result, and it seems in a foolish moment he and his friend Jones agreed to run away rather than meet the necessary annoyance of an inquiry.

Now, however, on a farther and more full audit of the accounts, though much laxness in the management is seen, it is proved that *every penny* that came into their hands has been expended on the club. The shock which ran through the school when it was discovered that Frank and Jones had run away was electric. Frank was certainly the most popular boy in the school, and boys are good judges of one another's character. I saw many a young face trying hard to prevent tears betraying its emotion; and for myself I can say, if God had given me sons of my own, I could hardly have felt more sorely tried if it had been one of them that was lost to me.

How often have I had occasion to appeal to him to assist in raising the moral tone of the boys and to check the secret source of vice and I know I never appealed in vain. Fine, manly, upright, he hated all iniquity, and his way of stopping it was often original but most effective. He had only to declare himself strongly against anything and it soon went out of fashion. His character had come on wonderfully during the last twelve months, and his taste for classical studies had increased. Though long since out of my form I always felt a peculiar affection for him, and I believe this feeling was reciprocated. He would often come to my rooms, especially on Sunday evenings, and we used to talk on various matters, and I could see beneath a careless exterior there lay a depth of feeling unusual in boys of his age. All this you can imagine makes the trial peculiarly hard for me to bear, and my heart feels as sad as the hushed voices in the playground on the morning when it was known that he had gone. Apologising for this long letter, I am, dear Madam,
yours very sincerely
A. M. SAUNDERS.

MRS. LEWARD.

The Shrubbery, Southampton.

*Bampton to Mrs. Leward.*UPTON SCHOOL, *June*, 1838.

DEAR MRS. LEWARD,—I just write a line to say its all cleared up. We knew it would be. The old Doctor has gone down tremendously in our estimation for his suspicion. The fellows knew it was all right. Frank used to chuck his own money away and never knew how money went but its all explained. It's our breaking up, but not like the old ones, we miss him so, we seem to have no heart for fun or jollity.

I send a letter in pencil he left behind when he went. They were always talking of going to sea, and reading sea stories.—
Yours very affectionately, C. A. BAMPTON.

*Frank to Bampton (in pencil).**Sunday evening.*

DEAR BAM,—We cant stand it any longer. The club moneys gone and we dont know where on earth its gone to. You know Jones and I never touched it. But there will be such an awful row we cant stand it so were going dont say a word but we mean to go to sea. Jones and I always wanted to go and instead of going like gentlemen we shall have to go like cads thats all. Mind you dont say a word on your honour we shall be right away before you get this. Tell old Saunders I was awfully sorry to go without seeing him but I couldnt. Tell all the fellows we never touched a penny after were right away.

Good-bye old fellow I should like to shake hands before I go
yours F. L.

*Mr. Leward to Lord Pennis.*NO. 5 QUEEN ANNE'S STREET, LONDON, *June* 30, 1838.

MY LORD,—You might have done better than assist two schoolboys, one of them my son, to levant. I have always felt, and I hope always shall feel, due respect for the aristocracy,

even when they espouse the wrong side in politics ; but I consider it to be my duty to bring your conduct before the Prime Minister, that he may, if he thinks fit, lay it before our youthful sovereign, in order that you may be held up as a warning to all others, if there could be others in like manner offending.—I am, my Lord, yours indignantly,

FRANCIS LEWARD.

To the Right Honourable the EARL OF PENNIS.
House of Lords.

Lord Pennis to Mr. Leward.

BOGDLES, July 7, 1838.

SIR,—You and the Prime Minister may go to the devil. I am ready to meet you or any other psalm-singing scoundrel like you whenever you like, but I suppose you're too big a cur to fight. If I have any more of your impertinence I'll have you horse-whipped.

The lad's a deuced fine lad. I don't believe he's your son.

PENNIS.

F. LEWARD, Esq., Queen Anne's Street.

Mrs. Leward to Lord Pennis.

THE SHRUBBERY, SOUTHAMPTON.

MY LORD,—My husband is too unwell to reply to your letter, but I, though only a woman, cannot allow such expressions to go unnoticed. If my son were here he would resent an insult to his mother's honour in another way. As it is, Lord Pennis should know that he has insulted a daughter of that Mr. Herbert, who, if she mistakes not, was once of service to him some years ago, and that this daughter has through his means lost a son of to her such priceless value as a person of Lord Pennis' character can never understand.

Indeed, my Lord, you have already brought trouble enough

on me without seeking to wound my honour and to frighten an invalid husband to a bed of sickness.

There is, however, some compensation even you can make, the only compensation I could stoop to ask of you, and that is to tell me all you know of my poor boy. Oh, if you really do know what has become of him, I would walk barefoot all the way to London, I could put up with your wrongs, I could even bear your gross insults, to gain that information, I think I could almost forgive you all that you have done to render my home desolate if you would only tell me where I could find him.

My Lord, I have perhaps written more plainly than is becoming to a person of your rank.—I am, sincerely yours,

M. LEWARD.

To the Right Hon. the EARL OF PENNIS.

Boodles Club, St. James' Street, London.

Lord Pennis to Mrs. Leward.

HOUSE OF LORDS, *July 15, 1838.*

MY DEAR MADAM,—If your boy was here and gave me one or two good cuts with his whip I could take it, old as I am, without flinching. I now go down on my knees before you to ask your pardon and I hasten to tell you all I know about him.

I was on board my yacht off Southampton on the morning of about the 19th I think of last month and was just starting for Greenwich when one of my men came on board with two young fellows, whom he brought up to me. They asked me to take them to London, and said they had run away from school. You perhaps know what a careless dog I have been, and I suppose always shall be, and I thought it would be an excellent joke to help the young fellows to get away. I didn't stop to think that there might be a mother spoiling her bright eyes over her young scapegrace's escapade.

A finer lad never stepped on board a ship, he's naturally a

sailor every inch, and believe me my dear lady I am not trying to defend my conduct, which I know admits of no defence, when I say it would be a sin to keep such a fellow from the sea. 'Our country now-a-days needs all like him to keep up her old wooden walls. It was of such stuff as he's got in him that our sailors in old days were made. My family have always been half-salt, and it did my eyes good to see the boy's delight when he found he could help my men set sail. Why didn't you send to me before? I'd have got him a commission in the Navy like a shot, that's the place for him. His friend Brown or whatever his name is, seems a rum un, walked into my old port like a man and seemed to like it.

If I wasn't such a blundering blockhead I might have seen the likeness of my old friend Herbert. I've been in a good many scrapes in my day but never a worse one than that your father got me out of at Bath more than thirty years ago now I suppose, Dam it, how the time goes! It was the year Pitt was there, the conceited cursed ass, he would have liked to see me scotched, we were always Whigs you know. But it was the way your father did it that struck me. I never met a finer gentleman nor more courtly manners though he would live all his life at Bath. But I'm rambling I fear.

Well, we got to Greenwich, and as we were getting there we saw a bark-rigged craft, about a thousand tons coming down the river ahead of us. I challenged her and found it was the "Leura" commanded by Capt. Davis whom I knew,—brought up indeed on our place in Cornwall, not at all a bad sort when he's sober. I told the boys that was their chance and took them on board and told Davis to look after them, and as I had to dine at Greenwich I left them to their fate.

I know Davies will do all he can for them but it's a rough life on board those merchant ships. She was bound for one of the West India ports, I forget which, and then for Van Diemen's Land, so your son will see plenty of the world before he comes

back. You don't know how the boy took my fancy. We had a good dinner at Greenwich but I'm dashed if I could do much with it. They gave three cheers as they went past and my fellows on the little "Emily" replied and by Jove I had to take a glass of wine to hide my feelings. I've a good mind to go on a tour round the world myself in the little "Emily" to bring the boys back, only it's such a deuced long way, and I suppose I must stop to vote against these Radical scoundrels. Can it be now I think of it that I am really writing to Herbert's handsome daughter whose fine eyes were the toast of all the young bloods at Bath not so very many years ago? No wonder the young blackguard's so good looking.

If this confession does not get me absolution from so fair a saint, I shall come to worship at her shrine, and leave there an offering of the warmest tears ever shed by the now devout and repentant,

PENNIS.

Mrs. LEWARD, Southampton.

Frank to Mrs. Leward.

SHIP "LEURA," Lat. 20 N. long. 44 W., August 1838.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Theres a ship in sight and as we are becalmed they say we may have a chance of sending letters by her so I'm writing as well as I can on a bucket. Im almost ashamed to write at all I know I've done wrong I couldn't help it. I know mother you never thought I would take money that did not belong to me but I couldn't stand the disgrace. On Sunday night when all the other fellows were asleep about ten o'clock I and Jones dropped down from the high window, it was a fine night and we felt horrid sneaks as we got away awfully frightened some one would see our shadows the moon was so bright. We walked and ran all night keeping away from the roads and in the morning we were awfully tired and hungry so

we got into a barn and slept all day till an old fellow came in and roused us up. All we had was some biscuits wed stowed away and we got some water and went off again. I had ten shillings and Jones a little and that kept us for three days till we were nearly at the town and then I sold the knife you gave me for two bob and got some food. Jones was awfully done up. In the town we met Seabrook you remember the sailor I used to go out with, hes on Lord Pennis yacht now and he took us to a public and gave us some bread and cheese and we told him we wanted to go to London to get on a ship. He said he had to go and see his wife and would take us on the yacht next morning early. He said Lord Pennis was a oner always doing something rum or other and perhaps he might take us if we asked him. Jones went to sleep in the public on a settle and I walked up to the house I thought I might get a sight of you but old mother Vamperley started up and I made off for fear shed make a row. About eight we met Seabrook and got off in the yacht boat and got on board the little Emily. Seabrook took us up to Lord Pennis who was lying on deck smoking a cigar he asked us who we were and I told him we had run away from school and wanted to go to sea. He burst out into a tremendous roar of laughter I never saw anyone laugh so much he almost choked with the smoke and rolled on his side laughing. He said you have run away have you now you may just run back again. We were in an awful funk and thought it was all up. I told him what a fix we should be in and that we were safe to be expelled and couldn't go to any other school and then he said go down you young dogs and get some breakfast so we went down and had a tremendous feed I was hungry.

We kept below till the anchor was up and they were setting sail then I went up and helped and the old fellow seemed to like that. We had a splendid voyage round to London it only took four days with a fair wind all the way. Jones pitched into Lord Ps port like anything and got a little bit on and said what fools

we had been not to come away before and Lord P. was awfully amused. It was splendid passing by Brighton and Hastings and the lights along the shore at night and when we were coming up the river in the afternoon near Greenwich we met this ship and Lord P. sang out to her and the Captain looked out and when he saw Lord Pennis he took off his hat and was awfully polite. So Lord Pennis hollowed out for a boat and we went on board and Lord Pennis told the skipper what we wanted and he said hed take us if he wished it he knew him in Penzance or some other place before. But he said it was a risk and hed get into a row if any one knew, Lord P. said hed make it all right, gave us a sovereign each and went back and we saw him soon after going ashore and we sang out as he passed and he took off his hat and seemed sorry to say good-bye.

We anchored there a bit and when we passed the little Emily we gave three cheers and old Seabrook and the other men cheered and then we went down the river with a fresh breeze.

By Jove it was rough in the bay of Biscay. Jones was awfully sick and said he wished he hadn't come and I had to do his work. I wasnt exactly sick except once or twice when I had to go aloft. But you should smell the stink of our cabin you don't know what smell is till you smell it. There are six in a small hole you can just squeeze into and the bunks are just high enough to lie down in.

In the Bay of Biscay there was a tremendous sea and it came in day and night and we were wet through for nearly a week. Wed only our Sunday jackets and things wed walked in and the first mate gave me and Jones an old rig out of his which I've got on now. I don't think youd know me if you saw me the trousers are so awfully long and baggy and the blue flannel shirt puffs about the place like anything when theres a wind. Its awfully hot just now and I sleep on deck but I havn't changed these things for a month and shan't I suppose till we

get to Demerara. Papa used to say I should never succeed in life but I don't think he ever thought I should come to this. However dear mother I am happy enough on the whole and like the sea very much. Ill write again when we get to Demerara give my love to Grandmamma and Mabel and tell them how it was. I've got to stop now, there singing out for me to lend a hand to lower the boat to go to the ship its the William Tell bound Portsmouth. I've been all day writing this nearly.
Your affec. son, F.

(To be Continued.)

The Haydock Papers.

Old Hall Green.

We will now let Mr. Haydock describe the school as he found it, and the accommodation provided for the Douay collegians. It is an extract from a letter to Dr. Gillow, dated Penrith, Oct. 10, 1794. After describing a playful escapade of the divines, he adds: "This simple college trick had very important consequences. It displeased, as it well might, the Rev. Mr. Potier, solicitous for his school, and the Bishop at London; both exceedingly good to us all. Only once we had to complain a supper of some meat stinking, and we went to bed. We had too much indulgence and liberty. I was quite content; some, however, concocted a letter and Mr. Penswick came and persuaded me to sign it. I think it would have been better if we had all from Douay been together, whether in ye north, as we supposed Bishop Gibson wished, or at Old Hall Green, where there was land ready, given I believe by Bishop Talbot. Since we left there were too few for the church, and gents' and shopkeepers' sons proved rebellious often. Probably now they may do better at both colleges. Old Hall Green was a house which would accommodate about 40 boys, and perhaps 15 of us, sleeping in a dormitory at first, and afterwards in a detached house, used before as ye school infirmary, perhaps 100 yards from ye great Hall, and nearly as far from a wooden building intended for us till such times as a college could be made ready in ye splendid gardens, where, not long after, one was erected.

I was told ye other night by Sir Edw. Doughty (who gave me 10s. for our church) that Mr. Wilds was professor. He or Mr. Bowland, or Dr. Lingard, might probably inform you of more, if you cannot receive instructions on ye subject from your intelligent uncle at North Shields (the Rev. Thomas Gillow) who I understand was born in 1770, and was once appointed a bishop. Mr. Cock, of Cheesburn Grange, is 4 months older than I am, and was at Douai, once leading me to scale a wall for apples; and Mr. Th. Wilkinson, my master in rhetoric, may remember as much."

In another communication to Dr. Gillow, who asked him if he left Old Hall in consequence of a memorial, or round robin, sent by the northern students to Bishop Gibson, Mr. Haydock replied, "I left in consequence of ye letter signed by Thomas Gillow, Charles Saul, Richard Thompson, Thomas Penswick, and George Haydock. I then seldom signed Leo, a name taken at confirmation, 22nd September, 1784, as born 11th April, 1774. I do not remember ye date of this famous letter, which Thomas Penswick engaged me to sign, and which I have since regretted, as Bishop Douglass earnestly wished to have all united, and said Bishop W. Gibson had agreed. When, therefore, Thomas Gillow, Thomas Penswick, and I, went to London, hearing about September that we were to remove to ye north, his lordship called upon Mr. Gillow and me, and persuaded us to return. Mr. Penswick had gone with my great coat home, and lost it at ye inn in Manchester, and about Dec. went to Crook Hall. When at last about that time ye students from ye north removed thither, I stayed at Tagg House, reading ye vulgate, etc., till things were more settled. On ye 13 Jan. 1796, ye late Bishop Robert Gradwell, my pupil at Douai, accompanied Thomas Haydock and myself in a post chaise through Brough and Tudhoe to Crook Hall, where we found a few, 17th Jan., and I gave £20 to Mr. Eyre, who said he had not received so much before, at which I rather wondered. Edward Monk was not ordered by

ye Bishop to go to Old Hall Green ; he came to borrow money of Mr. Penswick's father, who refused, but he followed us soon, and got to be sub-deacon at Crook Hall. He found himself comfortable, and would not sign ye letter. Neither did Thomas Pitchford of Norwich. He was not from ye north, and of course had not to remove, and was not in divinity. Being at ye fireside with us, Mr. Saul jokingly talked about cats, that one could pull a man through a pond. Thomas would bet none could do so with him, so there was a trial, and with a little foul play ye cat was victor. This rough college trick made Mr. Potier fear his little school would be hurt, and he complained to ye bishop, who, next time he came, did not visit ye divines as usual. He said, 'I am affronted. It was beneath ye dignity of ye lowest Lancashire man.' Unlucky expression, as we were five from that county, who along with Charles Saul from Yorkshire removed as some were hurt also at their beds being taken for ye school children and worse given, as I remember was done thrice to Mr. Penswick and myself. We were also placed in a house which had been used for an infirmary, and for those in ye itch, etc., etc." In his letter of Oct. 10, 1794, he describes the trick above alluded to—"A cat with a rope fastened round ye middle of Thomas Pitchford, who had Clarkson for a friend, giving him a pinch of snuff on one side of ye shallow pond, while ye rest were holding ye cat on a blanket, and I was ye whipper-in on ye other side, actually, with some of their help, drew him through, while he cried out 'I was not ready,' and for some time did not seem to find out ye trick. Poor Thomas often took long walks to Bishop Stotford and Hartford with me, and we got some chocolate, etc." In the same letter he continues, "I could not tell you in my last at what time precisely ye letter to Bishop Gibson was written, nor to whom he sent his orders. I think they were communicated by Rev. John Lingard to Mr. Saul, who probably received a letter before from Rev. John Bell (still alive but off ye mission) about September, intimating that we were soon to be removed,

so Mr. Penswick immediately, with your uncle and myself, set off as I told you. The former got home ; we returned for other six weeks, till ye bishops could come to some determination, and then, in ye beginning of Nov. I think, having been 11 months in Hartfordshire, I returned home till Jan. 1796."

In Mr. Haydock's first letter from Old Hall, he refers to the Rev. Wm. Hen. Coombes, afterwards D.D., being placed over the Douay refugees. He was professor of rhetoric at Douay, and when the collegians were being conveyed in waggons to be imprisoned in the citadel of Douvens, he succeeded in effecting his escape, Oct. 16, 1793. He was one of the ten refugees whom Dr. Douglass conducted to Old Hall on the feast of St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, Nov. 16, and it was this circumstance, connected with the peculiar character of the saint as a model of a virtuous scholar and zealous ecclesiastic, which afterwards induced the bishops to adopt St. Edmund as the patron of the establishment when it was erected into a college. Writing to Dr. Gillow, Mr. Haydock says, "I am sorry to hear Dr. Coombes is almost blind, and forced to retire to Downside. Even while our professor of divinity he seemed shortsighted, but contrived to call up Peach and me almost every day to answer, while he passed by Monk, etc., at which I rather wondered. He told me I should be a doctor, and they hoped soon to obtain leave 'to grant degrees.' However, unless they be quick they will be too late for me!"

Thus Mr. Potier and his staff and Mr. Coombes and his students worked on until the members of the two colleges of Douay and St. Omer were released from their confinement at Douvens. In the meantime, says a MS. account, "as Old Hall Green was prepared merely for a temporary shelter, it was not thought expedient to lay out in providing additional accommodation a greater expenditure than the apostolical spirit of the times deemed necessary. As a testimony of the self-sacrificing zeal of these great men it is only just to record what they deemed sufficient

to satisfy their necessities. A single room, and that of no great dimensions, besides a portion of the attic, was the only part of the house that could be spared for their use. The former served for their refectory, class-room, and for the hours of relaxation ; the latter provided a few with cells for the hours of private study and repose. To accommodate the remainder a wooden barn, almost attached to the Hall, was partitioned off into cells, which the young men in their humour designated their coffins. To this asylum flocked such of the late students of Douay college as had been fortunate enough to effect their escape before their friends were incarcerated in the strong citadel of Douvens, and whose spirits were yet sufficiently steadfast to allow them to persevere in the purpose for which they had endured so much. Here they assembled to the number of twenty."

The landing of the two imprisoned communities of Douay and St. Omer, March 2, 1795, sent some more of the Douay students to Old Hall Green. At this time there remained of the Douay refugees, sheltered by Mr. Potier at Old Hall under Mr. Coombes, John Lee, William Beecham, John Law, Fris. Bowland, Edward Peach, John Devereux, John Clarkson, and Thomas Pitchford, nearly all of whom were studying theology. Dr. Gregory Stapleton, the late president of St. Omer, together with one of his professors and about twelve students, and also James Delaney, Richard Broderick, and Lewis Havard, students from Douay, repaired to Old Hall. The establishment was now removed from the charge of Mr. Potier, and placed under the government of the late president of St. Omer's college. Mr. Potier removed to Puckeridge, about two miles distant, where he opened a preparatory school as before. In 1812, he transferred his school to Shefford, in Bedfordshire, where he continued it till his death, Mar. 31, 1823.

"It was still," continues the MS., "the intention of Bishop Douglass and the southern clergy to unite with Bishop Gibson in establishing a large college in the north as the filiation of or substitute to Douay

college. For this purpose, according to the Rev. Thomas Eyre's narrative, 'on the 20th March, Sir John Lawson, in company with the Rev. Gregory Stapleton (appointed head at Old Hall Green) and the Rev. Thomas Smith, lately liberated from prison, took a view of Thorp-Arch, near Wetherby, Yorkshire. This house, built as an inn for that watering-place, was considered by them well calculated to receive all the students heretofore at Douay.' It is consistent with this to suppose that Dr. Stapleton purposed to carry on Old Hall Green as the filiation of the college at St. Omer, of which he had been the president, and from which the considerable majority of his present subjects had been derived. This supposition is confirmed by Mr. Daniel's assuming and then formally resigning to Mr. Eyre the presidentship of Crook Hall, by which he continued the line of the presidents of Douay in that establishment. Again, 'Apr. 28, Messrs. Daniel, Poynter, and Wilds arrived at York. They and Bishop Gibson went to reconnoitre that residence (Thorp-Arch) of which they had already received such favourable reports as if it had been erected for the particular purpose of a college. All seemed disposed to accede to the idea of purchasing it, if two or three preliminary articles be agreed to, which it seems will be easily settled with the explanations given by them.' However, subsequently, more difficulty was found in determining the preliminary articles, as well as the amount of purchase money, than was at first expected. Accordingly the design of establishing two colleges began to be entertained. The understanding upon which this was carried into effect is indicated by the following transaction:

"We are informed by Dr. Lingard that on the 29th of June, the feast of St. Peter and Paul, Mr. Daniel, the late president of Douay, who had been liberated from prison, came to Crook Hall. He was in law proprietor of all the monies in England belonging to Douay college. He came with Dr. Gibson; on the following day, Mr. Eyre resigned, Mr. Daniel was installed president, and Mr. Eyre vice-president. By this means the line of Douay

presidents was continued in the college at Crook Hall, which was exclusively founded by the late members of Douay college.

“ Before the end of the octave, Dr. Stapleton, then appointed over Old Hall, arrived. After long conferences, Mr. Daniel resigned the presidentship to Mr. Eyre, and went away with Dr. Stapleton. According to the testimony of the Rev. Thomas Gillow, of North Shields, he was induced to resign the presidentship of Crook in the hope that in the event of the return of better times he might claim by the title of President of Douay College any compensation that the French Government might make for the seizure of that property. He accordingly retained that title till his death with a view to availing himself of any favourable opportunity. As soon as he was able to return to France, he took up his residence in the house of the late English college at Paris, where he resided till his death, Oct. 3, 1823. He yearly paid to Mr. Eyre all the dividends belonging to the Northern District, the capitals of which were in his hands.

“ The negotiations for the purchase of Thorp-Arch had now been discontinued, and a determination come to of establishing an ecclesiastical college in the south of England. This was finally carried into effect on the 15th of Aug. 1795, when Dr. Stapleton was formally installed by Dr. Douglass president of Old Hall Green college, and on that day the work of the college began. Four days later the foundation stone was laid of the present new college at Old Hall Green.

“ ‘ A bishop by the altar stood,
A noble lord of Douglas blood.’

Scott, Marmion, Canto VI.

“ As Dr. Stapleton had been educated at Douay and removed to St. Omer, he modified, in drawing up the rules for his new college, the constitutions of both of those colleges according as he judged most adapted to his altered circumstances. He held the presidentship till his nomination to the Midland Vicariate under

the title of Bishop of Hiero-Cæsaria. He was consecrated on March 8, 1801. He was succeeded in the presidentship of Old Hall Green College by Dr. Poynter, the vice-president, who governed till his nomination to the London Vicariate in 1803, as Bishop of Usula.

"The assignment of so early a date, Aug. 15th, 1795, for the organization of the college at Old Hall Green may seem irreconcilable with the advertisement that appeared in the Laity's Directory for 1796. That advertisement was as follows, 'Old Hall Green Academy, near Puckeridge, Hertfordshire, 26 miles from London, in a pleasant and healthy situation, is now under the special intendance of the president of the late English college at St. Omer, assisted by professors of every science capable of adorning the scholar, the gentleman, or the man of business.' It is true that in the above notice the education of ecclesiastics seems not to have been contemplated, but it must be remembered that the directory was, in those times, made up for the following year early in the month of June, at which time it was in contemplation to purchase Thorp-Arch for an ecclesiastical college for the whole of England, and to continue Old Hall Green as a lay academy. In the directory of 1797, the advertisement of Old Hall appeared according to its new organization as a college.

"In this manner were established the two first secular colleges in England, the one exclusively by the president and members of the college at Douay, the other by the president of St. Omer's College together with a number of the Douay refugees. Thus was transferred to the retreat at Crook in the day of her own distress that great college, which for so many years had preserved the remnants of the faith amidst the general persecution, and adorned the church with so many martyrs ; while the college at St. Omer was perpetuated in the asylum at Old Hall Green."

JOSEPH GILLOW.

Animal Convicts.

THE mysteries of animal instinct, and the questions which at times arise, from the apparent presence of reasoning power, developed under certain circumstances in different animals, so strongly impressed the mediæval mind, that, for several centuries, quadrupeds, as well as birds, insects, and reptiles, were accredited with a serious amount of moral responsibility. For any grievous offence, they incurred punishment, not only as a warning against its repetition, but still more as the penalty for a moral misdemeanour.

The Jewish law in the Old Testament respecting the ox that shall gore a man or woman that they die—"he shall surely be stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten" (Exod. ch. xxi., v. 28), and even the cursing of the barren fig-tree, in the New, seemed to our forefathers to corroborate this belief that the lower creation was capable of committing conscious wrong. Hence, as all mediæval beliefs tended rather to the concrete than the abstract, it was argued that, as moral offenders, animals ought to take their trial by law, in precisely the same fashion as human beings, and we therefore find that, from the beginning of the twelfth century, frequent trials of offending animals took place, and that these trials were duly conducted according to all the forms and customary solemnities of the law. Professor Wm. Jones, F.S.A., has collected some very curious cases in his volume on, "*Credulities Past and Present*," from which this notice is in part abridged.

No fewer than ninety-two of these legal processes have been brought to light (1) by French archivists and antiquaries, as having occurred in France, during a period of over six centuries; *i.e.* between the years 1120 and 1741, when the last trial and exe-

cution of the kind took place—that of a cow. Domestic animals were tried in the common criminal courts, while, to the ecclesiastical courts were usually referred the cases of wild creatures, and those which, from their ferocity or their numbers, such as rats, locusts, caterpillars, and such like, had become a public pest.

The proceedings were based on the following thesis:—"As God cursed the serpent, David the mountains of Gilboa, and Our Lord the barren fig-tree, so the Church has power and authority, not only to bless all things, animate and inanimate, but also to anathematize, exorcise, or excommunicate them. Nevertheless, as the lower animals, being created before Man, were the elder-born and primæval heirs of the earth, as God blessed them and gave them every green herb for meat—as they were provided for in the Ark, and entitled to the privileges of the Sabbath—moreover, as God made special enactments for their benefit ("Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," for instance), they must ever be treated with the greatest clemency consistent with justice." Not a few learned Canonists, however, disputed the former of these propositions, and contended that animals being devoid of moral intelligence or of conscience, it was an injustice to punish them for injuries committed in ignorance of the laws of God and men.

When an action was brought against an offender of this kind, in the case of domestic animals or of farm stock, the culprit was committed to prison.* Meanwhile the *procureur*, or prosecutor at the Criminal Court, required an act of accusation to be drawn up, and, in every instance, an advocate was engaged for the animal's defence. If, after hearing the witnesses for and against, the crime of homicide was proved against the prisoner, the judge gave sentence that the delinquent was to be strangled, and then hung by its hind legs from a gibbet or the branch of a tree.

* The daily rations allotted to an imprisoned pig cost the same as those of a man. There is plenty of documentary evidence showing that the quadrupeds *in carcere* were not stinted for diet, if they ate all they are charged for.

Swine seem to have been the most frequent offenders. These creatures, allowed to roam at large through a village, have, even in our own times, been known to devour or injure little children, especially babes left unguarded in the cradle. No one who has chanced, in some woodland solitude of Somerset or Devon, or the Morbihan of old Armorica, to come across any of the hideous, hungry, evil-looking monsters—the lineal descendants of the ancient British swine—with lean, arched backs, and standing as high as donkeys, can wonder at the numerous records of their ferocity.

In the "*Annuaire du Département de l'Aisne*," is given in full the sentence pronounced on a hog in 1494, by the mayor of St. Martin de Laon, for having *défacié et estranglé* a child in its cradle. The sentence concludes thus:—"We, in detestation and horror of this crime, and in order to make an example and satisfy justice, have declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced and appointed, that the said hog, being detained a prisoner in the said Abbey [of Avin], shall be by the executioner hung and strangled on a gibbet, . . . in witness whereof we have sealed this present with our seal." This document is dated June 14th, 1494, and on the back is written, "Sentence on a Hog, executed by Justice, brought into the copyhold of Clermont, and strangled on a gibbet at Avin."

As we have said, the more gregarious delinquents, being of greater importance as public pests, were usually left to be dealt with by the ecclesiastical courts. When the inhabitants of a district suffered from the ravages of these creatures, the court appointed visitors to examine and report upon the damage committed. Next, a barrister was appointed to plead for the accused, and show cause why they should not be summonsed. They were then cited, three several times, to appear, and not answering the summons, judgment was given against them in default. An admonition was then issued by the court, warning them to quit the district within a certain time, under penalty of adjuration, and, if they did not disappear before the appointed

period, the exorcism or the anathema was solemnly pronounced. The courts, however, by carefully availing themselves of every conceivable reason for delay, usually evaded the last extremity of pronouncing the threatened curse. The vineyards of St. Julien de Maurienne in Savoy were, in 1545, visited by a species of beetle which made great ravages amongst the vines. Legal proceedings (of which a full account is given in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale Académique de Savoie*) were commenced against them. Two lawyers were chosen; one by the plaintiffs, the other for the accused; but, strange to say, the insects suddenly disappeared, and the lawsuit was therefore abandoned. On their re-appearance, however, forty years later, when they committed greater devastation than ever, it was resumed. The Civil Court addressed a complaint to the Vicar-General of the Bishop of St. Julien de Maurienne: he thereupon named a judge, and also an advocate for the offenders, and at the same time issued an order prescribing prayers and processions, to move the Divine Mercy to rid the country of this scourge. After several legal discussions had taken place, the inhabitants were advised to provide a piece of land outside the vineyards, where the insects could subsist without infringing on the vines. This land, moreover, was to contain a sufficient quantity of trees and herbs of good quality for their sustenance. The people accepted this advice, reserving, however, a right of way through the allotted locality, as well as a right of refuge in it, in the event of war:—"Sans causer touttefoys aulcung preiudice à la pasteure desdictz animaux; et par ce que ce lieu est garni de fonteynes qui aussi serviront aux animaux susdictz." On these conditions, the land was ceded to the beetles, "en bonne forme et vallable à perpétuyté,—with what result is not recorded.

This plan of offering new and agreeable quarters to inconvenient neighbours appears to have been very frequently adopted, and, we are assured by some writers, with success. certain ill-disposed *cats* kept by the plaintiffs. The latter must

Hemmerlin, the famous lawyer of Zurich, better known as Felix Malleolus, who died in 1457, relates that Guillaume de Saluces, Bishop of Lausanne from 1221 to 1229, ordered the eels of Lake Lemman to confine themselves to a certain part of the water, and to that only. As we hear no more of them, it is to be supposed that they obeyed the injunction. The same authority relates that, near Coire, in the diocese of Constance, larvæ and Spanish flies, having become excessively troublesome, were cited before the provincial magistrate. He, "taking into consideration their youth and diminutive size," appointed counsel to defend them, and they were finally consigned "*en une région forestière et sauvage*, perfectly suitable to their tastes. "And," continues Hemmerlin, "at the present time the people of the district yearly renew their contract with these insects, continuing the grant of a portion of land, which keeps them from transgressing its limits.

Evidence of the same kind of diplomacy exists in the old Scottish rhymes, to be pasted on the wall as a charm :—

" Ratton and mouse,
Lea' the puir woman's house,
Gang awa owre bye till the mill
An' there ye'll get ye'r fill."

And Tusser, in his March Husbandry, says :—

" Kill crow, pie, and cadow, rook, buzzard, and raven.
Or else go desire them to seek a new haven. '

In the famous *Cause des Rats* which was carried on in the diocese of Autun in the 16th century, the celebrated Chassenez won his first laurels as a legal pleader. After the non-appearance of his clients, notwithstanding three several summonses, (except the few brought into court in order to hear them) he objected that the circumstances of the case rendered these citations illegal. A summons, he argued, implied full protection to the parties summoned, both on their way to and from that court, whereas his clients dared not quit their holes by reason of

bind themselves under heavy penalties for the good behaviour of their cats, and they would see that the summons would be at once obeyed. The plaintiffs declining the engagement, the date for the rats' attendance was adjourned *sine die*; thus, Chassenez gained his case.

One favourite method of ridding a place of rats, was to treat them to a steady course of anathematizing in rhyme. Reginald Scott, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," says that "it is thought by the Irish that any beast could be *rhymed to death*." It is in reference to this practice that Shakespeare, in "As you like it," makes Rosalind say: "I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember."

At Lausanne, in 1451, there was a lawsuit against leeches, when a certain number, as representatives of the rest, were brought into court, to hear the reading of the document by which they were admonished to leave the district within three days. They proved contumacious, and accordingly were exorcised. It is recorded that, immediately after the delivery of the exorcism, they began to die off, and, in a short time, had disappeared entirely from the neighbourhood. Twenty years later, Lausanne being infected by cockchafers, proceedings were in like manner instituted "against them and their descendants," followed by a threat of anathema in case of non-evacuation.

In Spain and Italy, also, animals were considered amenable to the laws, as were also a large kind of fish called *terons*. In order to prevent the damage they did to the fishermen's nets, these finny offenders were annually anathematized from certain headlands on the shores of the Mediterranean.

Besides the animals already named, field-mice, caterpillars, flies, moles, snails, may-bugs, weevils, worms, grasshoppers, among smaller creatures; and among larger animals, cows, bulls, horses, ponies, mules, asses, dogs, goats, and very numerous swine, swell the criminal list of mediæval Europe, as aggressors which have been legally treated with, or executed, or exorcised,

as, after public trial, their respective cases seemed to require.

Legal proceedings against animals had almost ceased before the close of the 16th century, being disapproved by ecclesiastical authority, by which, in every diocese in France, they were either very much modified or else altogether suppressed. Cardinal Duperron, in the Ritual of Evreux of 1606, prohibits the exorcism of animals, or the use of any prayers or formulas having reference thereto, without his express permission. Also, in 1671, Canon Eveillon published a work called *Traité des Excommunications*, in which, after dwelling upon the abuses and profanity of these proceedings, he goes on to say:—"It is an assured theological fact that it is only a man who has been baptized who can be subjected to excommunication." Exorcisms, however, he permits, as they stand on different ground, and can be used with regard to animals—within the terms and according to the ceremonies prescribed—without superstition, "but not, as formerly, by instituting ridiculous law-suits." Moreover, 120 years before this, Dom Leonard Vair, a Benedictine, wrote a book (*De Fascino*, libri tres.), in which he strongly deprecated the excommunication of animals, as being both superstitious and impious. One reason he gives for his conviction, is, that "animals being engendered from the rubbish of the earth, to lay them under ban of excommunication is the same as if anyone were to baptize a dog or a stone."

Rovarius, on the contrary, a Papal Nuncio at the Court of Hungary, in the 16th century, wrote a treatise to prove that animals are rational, and that, in spite of occasional misdemeanours, for which, being rational, they are answerable, they make a better use of their reason than man makes of his much larger endowments of reasoning powers.

Professor Jones quotes the following curious account—(here somewhat abridged)—from the *Nova Floresta* of Father Manoel Barnardes (published at Lisbon, 1706 to 1728), of an action brought by the Friars Minors of the Province of Pietade in

Maranhao, Brazil, against the ants of the same territory. These monstrous ants, which are ~~there~~ exceedingly numerous and destructive, had so undermined the monastery, by penetrating under its foundations, that the whole building was in danger of falling. Added to this, they stole the corn laid up for the daily consumption of the friars, who thus oftentimes suffered from hunger. All means were tried, without success, to stop the inroads of the marauders. At last, a friar proposed that an action should be brought against them before the tribunal of Divine Providence, that certain lawyers should plead for them, and the Bishop should be the judge to determine the case. The Brethren agreed, and the trial began.

The lawyer for the Friars, after recapitulating the misdemeanours of the ants against the unoffending Brotherhood, called upon them to state their motives for such conduct, since if they had no sufficient reasons to give, they ought all to die of pestilence, or be drowned by an inundation, or by some other means be extirpated for ever from the district.

The lawyer for the ants alleged in their defence, that, having received from their Creator the gift of life, they had a perfect right to preserve it by all the means that had been granted to them;—that by using these means they gave to man the example of the virtues of prudence and diligence, according to St. Jerome :—“*Formica dicitur strenuus quisque et providus operarius, qui præsenti vita, velut in æstate fructus iustitiæ quos in æternum sibi recondit;*” also, of charity, in aiding each other when the burden was too heavy for their strength;—also of religion and piety, in burying their dead. That the plaintiffs could not appreciate the severity of the defendants’ labours, their burden being often greater than their body, because their courage was superior to their strength. While admitting that there were friars more noble and more worthy, yet, before God, they were only like so many ants, and the advantage of reason scarcely compensated for their sin in having offended their Creator, while their crime was greater

in acting in so many ways against the glory of God than that of the ants could be in taking their flour. Further, the ants were in possession of the ground before the friars had settled in the place, and in consequence they ought not to be expelled,—evicted, in fact ;—and they would appeal against this violence to their Divine Creator, who made the smallest as well as the greatest. Their lawyer even took upon himself to assert that their Creator had assigned to each one of them a “Guardian Angel.”

In conclusion, the plaintiffs defended their house and their store by human means which they (the ants) could not contest ; the defendants, notwithstanding, would continue their mode of living, seeing that the earth and all that it contained belonged to God and not to the plaintiffs. “*Domini est terra, et plenitudo ejus.*”

This reply occasioned much discussion, insomuch that the lawyer for the friars was constrained to admit that the ants had been proved to have some right on their side. Whereupon the judge, after carefully weighing with unbiassed mind what was due to justice, decreed that the friars should select a field in their vicinity where the ants should be left in undisturbed possession, and that the said ants should remove thither without delay, under pain of excommunication, inasmuch as the Brethren had settled where they did in a spirit of obedience, and in order to preach the gospel in that district ; whilst the ants by their industry might thrive elsewhere and at less cost.

This sentence being given, a friar went to deliver it, in the name of the Creator, to the ants, reading it in a loud voice before the openings of the ant-hills. Marvellous was the effect ; proving how entirely the Divine Creator, Whose tender mercies are over all His works, was satisfied with this decision : for behold, immediately abandoning their abode, came out the host and million of ants (*nigrum campis agmen*),* and, forming into

* If, however, these were the *termites*, they would be *white*.

dense columns, proceeded direct to the field assigned to them, while the friars, relieved of their insupportable tormentors, humbly gave thanks to God for so great a manifestation of His providence and power. Manoel Barnardes adds that this sentence was pronounced, January 17th, 1713, and that he had seen and compared the pleadings in this case in the Monastery of St. Anthony where they had been placed.

We will close with the Breton legend of St. Hydultus. The fields of the monastery in which St. Pol de Léon was a student were ravaged by such numbers of birds, which wasted much more than they ate, that the whole crop of corn was in danger of being destroyed. St. Pol summoned the insatiable songsters to appear before the Abbot, St. Hydultus, in order that they might receive the correction they deserved. The air was forthwith filled with the fluttering of countless wings, as the obedient birds flew to present themselves at the monastery gate, perching on the oaks and chestnut trees hard by, beneath whose shade, upon the greensward, sat the poor and aged and infirm who came to be fed by the hospitable monks. When the white-haired Abbot appeared upon the threshold, the gay warblers subsided into respectful silence, while a murmur of grateful benedictions arose from the maimed, the halt, the blind, and the weary wayfarers whom he had succoured that day. And St. Hydultus, being of a gentle nature, although he ruled wisely and well, would not harshly rebuke the birds, but, pointing to the impotent folk around, he said: "My little birds, waste not our growing corn, lest we should have no bread, either for ourselves, or for these, the poor of the Good God, to eat!" Then lifting up his hand, he blessed them all in the name of their divine Creator. Upon this, the grateful birds burst into a jubilant chorus, making the woods ring with their glad notes; and from that day forth they never again did any hurt to the cornfields of the Monastery of St. Hydultus.

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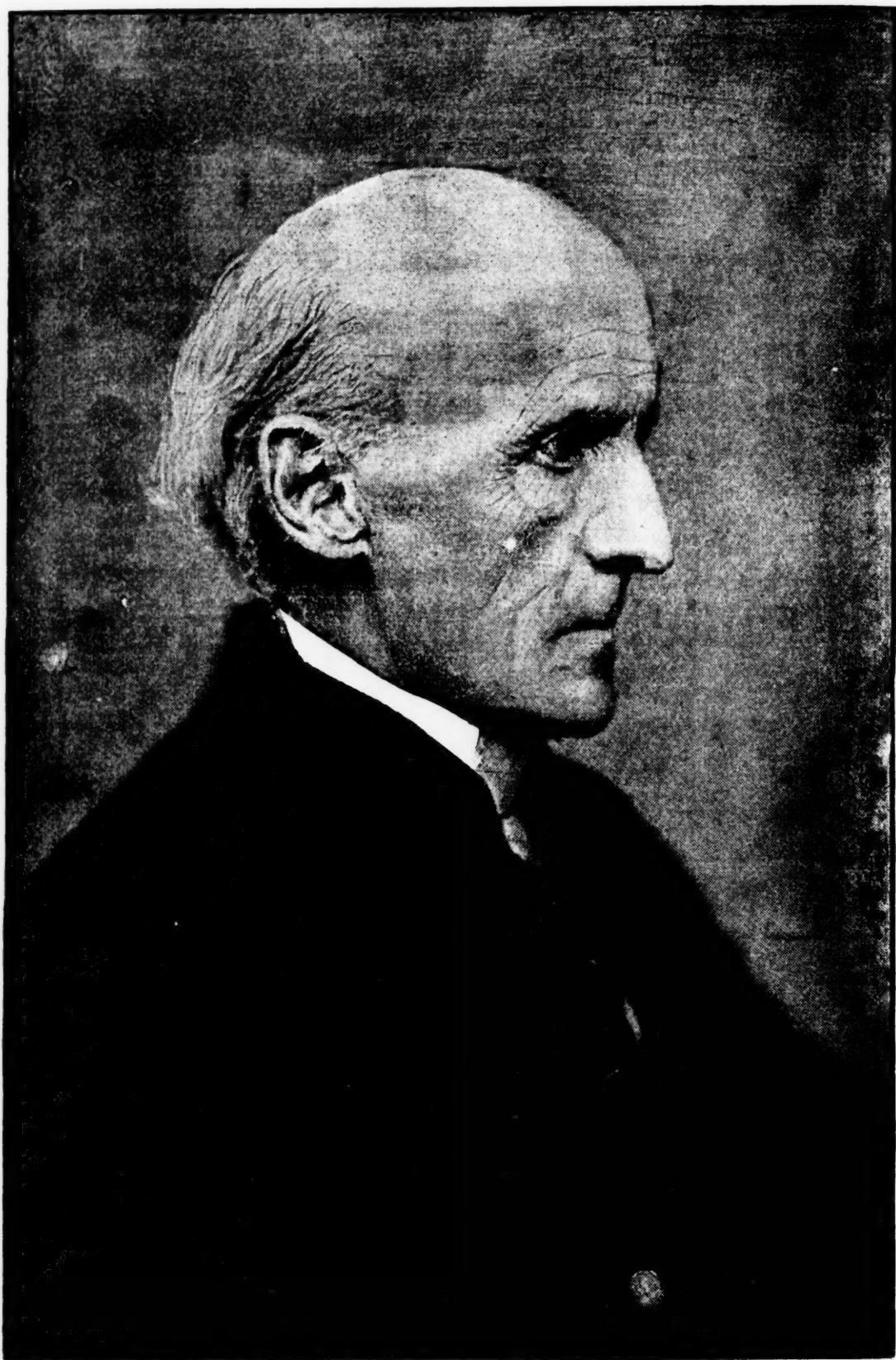
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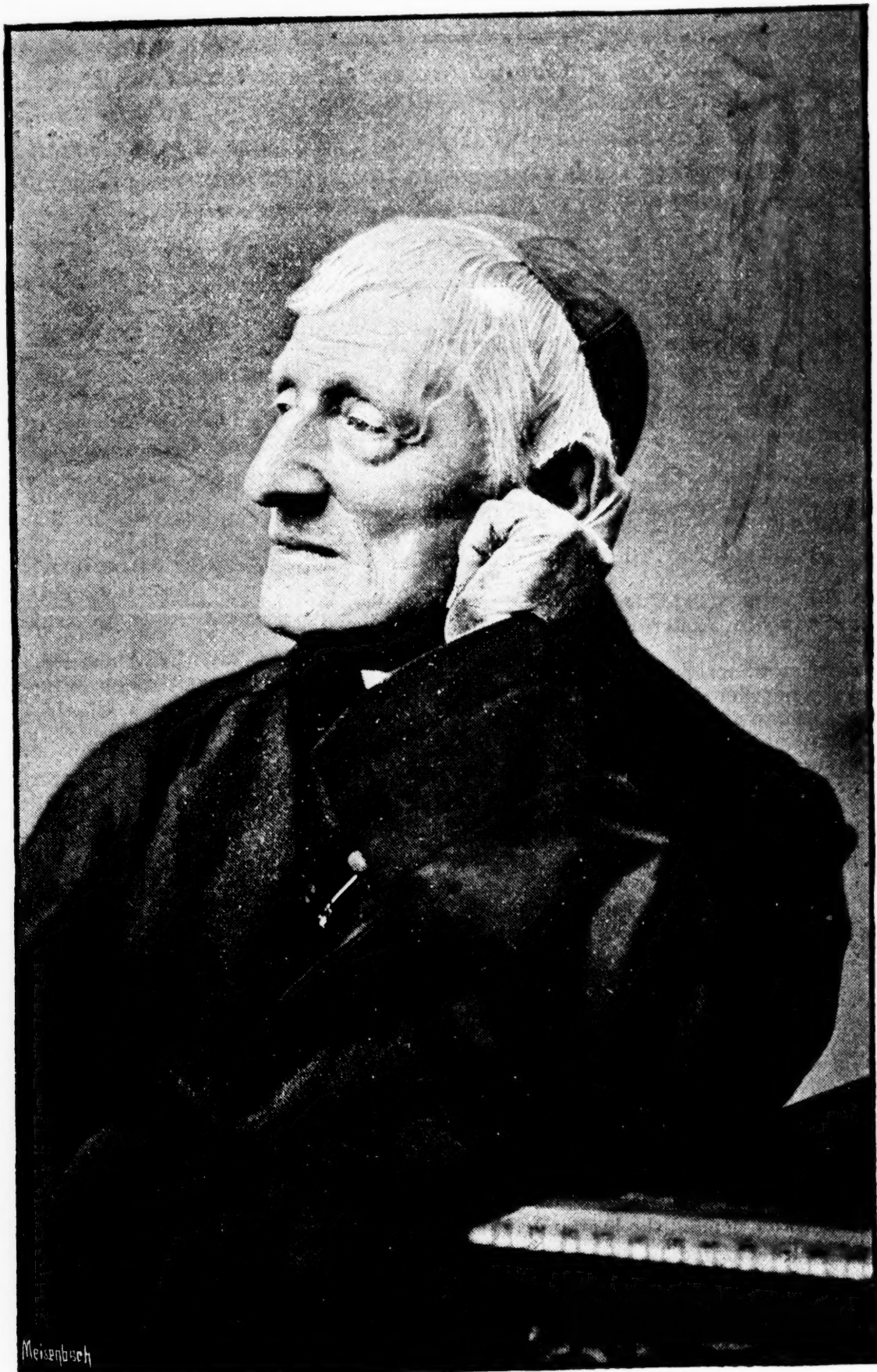
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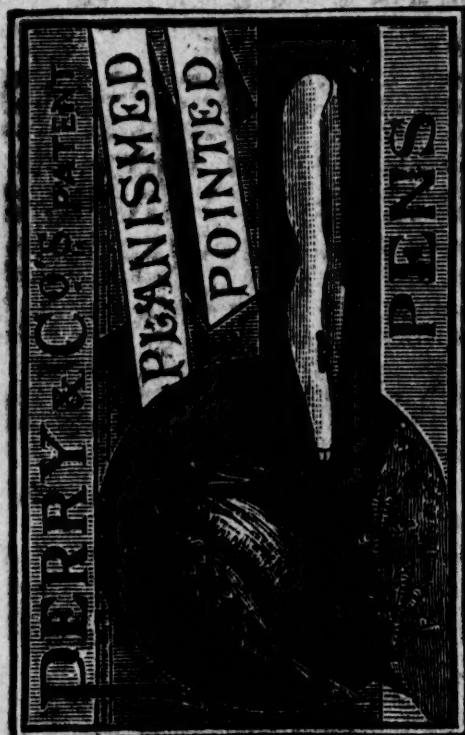
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